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THE  
ARABIAN NIGHTS  
ENTERTAINMENTS.

CONSISTING OF  
One Thousand and One Stories, told by the SULTANESS of the  
INDIES, to divert the SULTAN from a cruel Vow he had  
made, to marry a Lady every Day, and have her put to  
Death next Morning, to avenge himself for the  
Disloyalty of his first SULTANESS.

CONTAINING,  
A familiar Account of the Customs, Manners and Religion of  
the EASTERN NATIONS, the TARTARS,  
PERSIANS, and INDIANS, &c.

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FREELY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
TRANSLATION.

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR C. D. FIGUENIT,  
ALDGATE.

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THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS

ENTERTAINMENTS

CONSTITUTED OF

One Hundred and One Stories told by the Genie of the  
Lamp, to divert the weary Traveller, and to  
amuse the young and old, and to be read  
before the Bed at Night.



PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
MANUSCRIPT.

Vol. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. D. PIERCE,

ALBANY.

1844.

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# ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

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THE STORY OF NOUREDDIN AND THE FAIR  
PERSIAN.

**Z**INCHI, King of Balfora, held that crown as tributary to the Caliphs of Arabia. The vassalage was so complete, that the latter considered the Sovereigns of Balfora as accountable to them for every minute regulation in their government; they were frequently reprimanded, and sometimes dethroned, when their conduct did not please the commander of the faithful.

VOL. III.

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The appearance of regal dignity was kept up, notwithstanding the power was so limited: and Zinchi, being of an indolent disposition, divided the office of Grand Vizier between his two favourites, Khacan, and Saouy, both men of good abilities, but of very opposite characters. Khacan was open, generous, affable, fond of obliging, and as a magistrate strictly impartial: he was universally respected and beloved. Saouy was the reverse of his colleague: fullen, morose, haughty, insatiably covetous, though immensely rich, venal, and tyrannical; he was of course generally detested; and if any thing could add to the popular aversion, it was his declared enmity to Khacan, the favourite of the people.

Such were the ministers of the indolent Zinchi, who, relying on their talents, left to them the care of his government, and resigned himself to the gratification of his appetites.

One day the King was discoursing with his Viziers and great men about women. Some  
were



were of opinion, that if a woman had great beauty and accomplishments, it was as much as a man need desire. Saouy was an advocate for this doctrine; but Khacan supported very contrary ideas, and described so feelingly that love which is founded on esteem, that the King declared himself of his opinion: and as Khacan, in the course of his argument, had supposed a woman might unite the more valuable qualities of the heart with personal beauty and exterior graces, the King ordered ten thousand pieces of gold to be paid him, and directed him to use all diligence in purchasing such a woman as he had described.

When the Viziers withdrew from the royal presence, they were both dissatisfied. Saouy was tormented at the distinction with which the King had honoured his rival. Khacan was exceedingly grieved at receiving a commission, which he apprehended would involve him in many difficulties. He immediately ordered all those persons who dealt in slaves to give him no-

tice when any one of superior beauty and merit fell in their way. For a long time his enquiries were in vain, at last a Persian merchant produced a slave whose beauty and accomplishments were in the highest perfection.

The Vizier paid the price demanded for her by the merchant, though it exceeded the sum deposited in his hands by the King. When he was about to conduct her to the palace, the merchant advised him to take her home, and let her repose for a few days after her long journey, before he introduced her to his Sovereign; assuring him that both her beauty and sprightly turn would appear to greater advantage when she had recovered her fatigue. Khacan approved of this advice, and accordingly placed her in the care of his wife, and at the same time acquainted the lovely Selima (which was her name) with the honour that awaited her.

The Vizier had an only son, named Noureddin; a forward youth of good parts, and handsome

some person ; of whom his mother was so fond, that she still continued to allow him the liberty of the women's apartments, though the time of shutting him out was several years past. Noureddin no sooner saw the beautiful Selima than he became a captive to her charms. Though he knew his father had purchased her for the King, yet he resolved to run all hazards rather than not secure her to herself, nor did the fair Persian see Noureddin with indifference. Whatever honour or splendour she might hope from being the King's mistress, she would gladly have renounced them to pass her life with the son of the Vizier.

Selima having reposed for several days, the minister directed a costly bath to be prepared for her, intending to present her next day to his master. As these baths were seldom prepared, the Vizier's lady ordered her slaves to get bathing cloathes ready for her, intending to enjoy the bath herself when Selima had left it. All these particulars Noureddin learnt from a slave whom



he had corrupted. Reduced to despair, he resolved to attempt an adventure the most audacious that could be imagined. He concealed himself in the women's apartments till Selima returned to her chamber, and his mother went to the bath. He then visited the fair Persian; and having dismissed her attendants, boldly told her, that his father had altered his intention, and instead of presenting her to the King, had given her to him. The lovely slave wished this to be true, and was not therefore disposed to doubt it.

Khacan was equally enraged and distressed when he heard of the violation his son had committed. Besides being disappointed in presenting so beautiful a slave to his master, he was terrified lest his enemy, Saouy, should come to a knowledge of an affair, by which he might effect his destruction. He ordered the merchants to renew their search, declaring that the fair Persian by no means answered his expectation: he frequently complained to the King of the many difficulties he found in executing his commission;

tion; in short, he managed the business with so much address, that Zinchi insensibly forgot it; and though Saouy got some imperfect information of the transaction, yet Khacan was so much in the King's favour, that he was afraid to speak of it.

It was a long time before the Vizier would suffer his son to appear in his presence; but time, which subdues all things, at length softened his anger; and as the virtues of Selima engaged his esteem, he resolved to give her to Nouredin, if he would promise not to look upon her as a slave, but as a wife. He stipulated also with the young man, that he would never be divorced from her, much less sell her. With these conditions Nouredin joyfully complied; and the peace of the Vizier's household was restored.

Very soon after these events, Khacan was seized with a dangerous illness, which soon put an end to his life. When he was on his death-bed, he renewed his injunctions to his son, never

to part with the fair Persian. Nouredin did not hesitate to vow the most dutiful obedience.

For a time Nouredin lamented his father very sincerely ; but the gaiety of youth soon recurred : and when he found himself possessed of immense riches, he resolved to make himself amends for the restraint he had been under, by gratifying every wish of his heart. He gave the most magnificent and luxurious entertainments ; and drew about him a society of gay companions, among whom he dissipated his fortune with an incredible profusion. These parasites perpetually surrounded him. In vain the fair Selima, (whom he continued to love with undiminished ardour) gently remonstrated with him on his too abundant generosity ; in vain his careful steward hinted to him, that such excess would soon empty a royal treasury. He continued his extravagant mode of living ; and lavished away large sums in presents to his companions.

Nothing



Nothing contributed so much to the ruin of Noureddin's fortune as his unwillingness to look into his accounts. Whenever his steward came to lay before him a state of his disbursements, he always put him aside with a jest, or drove him away with anger.

One morning while he was surrounded by the tribe of greedy sycophants who generally beset him, his steward presented himself before him, and requested permission to speak with him alone. The air and manner of the steward when he made this request, indicated something unusual and disagreeable. Noureddin withdrew with him: and one of the company, more curious than the rest, followed them out, and so placed himself, that he could hear all that passed between them, unobserved.

The steward began with lamenting that he had so often in vain remonstrated with him. Noureddin endeavoured to silence him, but he would be heard. 'The time is now come,'  
said

said he, 'that you must listen to me. Of all that mass of wealth which came into your possession a year ago, the few pieces in my hand are the whole remainder; your entertainments therefore must be at an end, or you must provide me with a fresh supply.' Noureddin, who had been overwhelmed by the first part of this conversation, began to revive at this latter hint. 'You shall not long want that supply,' said he: 'I have many friends at this time in my house, who will rejoice to satisfy my occasions.'

This listener having heard thus much, withdrew; and returning to his companions, repeated what had passed. He had scarce made an end of his account when Noureddin entered the room also.

Noureddin appeared with an affected air of pleasantry, which ill concealed the anguish of his mind. He was considering whether it would be better to declare his necessities to his friends now they were together, or apply to them separately;

separately; when one, whom he had ever most distinguished, rose up, and making a slight apology, withdrew.

Noureddin, without well knowing why, was much affected at this. The person who went away was his favourite companion, had been enriched by his bounty, and was always one of the last who left him. While his mind teemed with these uneasy reflections, another, the most servile and cringing of the set, in a pert and careless manner, bad him good morning. The others soon followed; and in a very short time, he was left by himself.

The young man passed the rest of the day in melancholy reflections on his imprudence. He determined at length to borrow a certain sum from each of his companions, with which he would go to some other city, and commence merchant. As there was not one among them who had not received tenfold more from his bounty than he meant to ask, he would not  
suffer



suffer the idea of a refusal to disturb him. Having thus settled a plan for his future conduct, his mind became more calm; and he withdrew to Selima's apartment, to whom he related his situation and intention.

The day following he set out to visit his dear and devoted friends; but was so unfortunate as not to find any of them at home. One, indeed, convinced him he was not abroad; for he heard him direct his slave to say he was from home, adding, 'whenever that extravagant fellow comes here, give him the same answer.'

Noureddin was equally enraged and ashamed. He was giving way to despair, when the fair Persian advised him to dismiss his household, sell his slaves and furniture, and try if he could not raise money enough from them to carry his plan into execution. Noureddin embraced this prudent council: but even in this commendable scheme he was disappointed. Being obliged to sell, his goods did not fetch half their value; and

and a fit of sickness, the consequence of his vexation, and former irregularities, held him so long, that, on his recovery, he found the whole produce of the sale was expended.

In this extremity of distress, he once more had recourse to the advice of his beloved Selima: who, seeing no other means of relief within his reach, reminded him how much money his father had paid for her. 'I am your slave,' said she; 'you have a right to dispose of me; and how-much-soever I shall suffer from such an event, I advise you to sell me: and I heartily wish you may not lose much of the sum your father gave for me.'

Noureddin could not hear this advice without feeling the keenest anguish. Not only his love for the fair Persian revolted at such an idea, but the remembrance of his promise to his father, never to part with her, rose in his mind, and made him think of such a measure with additional regret. But invincible necessity must be submitted

submitted to. He led her, with inexpressible reluctance, to the market where women slaves are exposed to sale, and applied to a crier, named Hagi Hassan, to sell her.

The crier immediately knew the fair Persian was the same slave that Khacan had bought at so very high a price. He went directly among the merchants, where he exclaimed, with great gaiety, 'My masters, every thing that is round is not a nut; every thing that is long is not a fig; all that's red is not flesh; and all eggs are not fresh. You have seen and bought, no doubt, many slaves in your time; but you never saw one comparable to her I have now to sell. Follow me, and see her; and then name the price I ought to cry her at.'

The merchants were surprized when they saw her; and all agreed, that Hagi Hassan ought not to begin with a less sum than four thousand pieces of gold. He began to cry her accordingly at that price; when the Vizier Saouy chanced



to enter the market, and hearing so large a sum asked for a female slave, demanded to see her.

It was a privilege the merchants of Baffora enjoyed, that no person should see a slave, till they had offered the most they chose to give. After which any person might see her; and if the stranger offered more money than the highest bidder among the merchants, he was declared the purchaser.

But Saouy regarded no man's privilege. He demanded to see the fair slave immediately; and finding her more beautiful than he had imagined, he looked sternly on the merchants, and said, 'I will give the sum you ask for this slave!' no one durst bid more than the overbearing Vizier. The merchants were obliged to submit to this arrogant interference; and Saouy, causing the fair Persian to be locked up, waited at the door, and directed Hagi Hassan to go immediately, and find the feller.

Noureddin

Noureddin had retired out of the market to indulge his sorrow unobserved, but had told the crier where he might be found. Hagi Haffan went to him, and related all that had passed. If any thing could have aggravated Noureddin's affliction, it was that Saouy should become possessed of the fair Persian. The sting of this circumstance made him quite inattentive to the low price for which she was to be sold. 'I swear to you,' replied he, 'I would sooner die than part with my slave, for ten times the sum, to that enemy of our family; help me, I entreat you, good Hagi, to the means of escaping this last of misfortunes.'

"You must conduct yourself in this manner," replied the crier, "or the Vizier will insist upon his bargain. When I am about to present her to him, you must catch her by the arm before he touches her. You will then give her two or three blows, and tell her, that although her bad temper made you swear, that you would expose her to the indignity of being  
cried

cried in the market, yet it is not your intent to sell her. Pull her then again towards you, and lead her away."

Noureddin followed this advice. When Saouy saw the son of Khacan approach, and found he was the owner of the beautiful slave, he enjoyed to the utmost his malicious triumph; and his disappointment was in proportion, when he heard him refuse to confirm the contract. He called him by the most reproachful names, and riding up to the fair Persian, he attempted to seize her. Noureddin wanted not this provocation to exasperate him against the Vizier. He pulled him off his horse, rolled him in the kennel, and pommelled his head against the stones, till he had almost killed him. After which, he conducted the fair Persian home again.


Saouy also retired, amidst the shouts and execrations of the people, who had prevented his attendants from assisting him. He presented himself immediately before the King all bloody,



and dirty as he was, and besought justice ; on being ordered to say on what account, he reminded the King of the commission he had formerly given to Khacan. ‘ I saw by accident to-day,’ continued he, ‘ a most beautiful slave, which the profligate Noureddin was about to sell. I had no doubt but she was the slave Khacan had bought for your Majesty ; and would have reclaimed her for you : it was for this attempt that Noureddin has treated me thus cruelly.’

The King became greatly enraged at this account. He ordered his officers to seize Noureddin and his slave, and to level his house with the ground. One of the royal attendants, who heard the King’s order, had been appointed to his office by the Vizier Khacan. Full of gratitude to the memory of his benefactor, he ran to Noureddin’s house, and putting a purse of gold in his hand, told him briefly what had happened, and charged him to fly with speed ; as, if he was taken, the King was too much enraged to hear him, and would certainly put him to death.

Noureddin



Noureddin and Selima hastened towards the river, where they found a vessel on the point of sailing; they embarked without enquiring whether she was bound; and after a short and pleasant voyage, arrived safely at Bagdad.

When they landed, it was evening; and having no baggage to take care of, they rambled a considerable time about the gardens that bordered on the Tigris. They came at length to a porch, on each side of which stood a neat sofa: and as they were tired with their walk, they sat down on these sofas, and after talking together for some time, they insensibly fell asleep.

The porch was the entrance to a garden, belonging to the Caliph, in which was a beautiful pavilion of pictures. The charge of this garden and pavilion was committed to an ancient officer, called Scheich Ibrahim, with positive orders to admit no person into it, nor even to sit on the sofas that stood in the porch.

Scheich Ibrahim was absent in the city on business. On his return, when he found two people sleeping on the sofas, he was so enraged, that he was going to chastise them; but seeing by the little daylight that remained, that they were both handsome, and appeared above the rank of the vulgar, he resolved to awaken them, and hear their apology. The Scheich had much good nature, and more vanity. Finding from Noureddin's excuse that they were strangers of condition, and took him for the owner of the garden, he resolved to humour the mistake; he asked them to walk in, and repose themselves in a place more suitable.

They accepted his invitation, and he conducted them into the garden, and shewed them the pavilion; the hall of which was adorned with fourscore windows, and in every window was a branched candlestick, containing a considerable number of wax lights; the pavilion was in every other respect truly magnificent.

Scheich



Scheich Ibrahim was exceedingly taken with his guests: they soon became familiar with each other: and finding how much they were delighted with the hall, he determined that they should sup there. 'I came here,' said he, 'to pass the evening alone, and therefore have no slave to attend you, but if you will give me leave to wait on you, I will supply all your wants.'

When they had supped, Nouredin dropped a hint that some wine would not be unacceptable: at which Ibrahim started, and said, 'Heaven defend me from keeping wine in my house, or going to a place where it is sold! such a man as I am, who have been four times in pilgrimage to Mecca, must have renounced wine for ever.'

'Notwithstanding this,' replied Nouredin, 'I will not be deprived of my wine; be so condescending as to go to the door of a wine-house, and send in a porter for some, which he may bring here; and that you may have the less scruple, it shall not be bought with your money!'

He then put a couple of pieces of gold into the Schiech's hands, who, laughing in his turn, congratulated his guest on his invention: 'without which,' said he, 'I should never have found out a way of providing you with wine, and preserving my conscience inviolate.'

While Ibrahim was gone, it occurred to Noureddin that all this aversion to wine was but hypocrisy, and that his host would drink his cup as heartily as he could. To try this, he instructed Selima how to act; and when the wine came, he filled three cups, and offered one to Ibrahim. The old man started back, as if with horror; on which Nouredin drank the cup; and the fair Persian presented the Schiech with a slice of apple, which he received with great pleasure.

As they conversed, Nouredin pretended to fall asleep. Selima seemed to think he was so, and presenting a cup of wine to the old man, she said, 'drink this to my health, and keep me company while that drowsy sot sleeps.' Ibrahim for  
a little

a little time resisted; but overcome with her beauty, he complied. Soon after he drank a second cup, with very little opposition. He received a third from Selima without a murmur; and the fourth, he helped himself to. Noureddin seeing this, burst out a laughing, saying, ‘Hah! Ibrahim, you are caught; is this the way in which you abstain from wine?’ Ibrahim warmed with what he had drank, and loving wine, threw aside his reserve, joined in the laugh, and sat down very cordially with his guests to finish the bottle.

While Nouredin and his host were conversing together, Selima observing the candles in the branches, and seeing the room looked gloomy, desired Ibrahim to light them. As he was in earnest discourse with Nouredin, he said to her jocularly, ‘Lady, you are much the youngest; light a few of them yourself.’ Selima immediately light up every candle; at the same time opening the shutters of the windows.



When the pavilion of pictures was thus illuminated, it made a very splendid appearance. As the Caliph was retiring to bed, it chanced he opened his casement, and seeing the illumination, he enquired of Giafar the cause, in a manner sufficiently expressive of his displeasure. The Vizier had a particular friendship for Schiech Ibrahim. To shield him from the anger of the Caliph, Giafar invented a tale that the Scheich had applied to him for leave to celebrate a religious ceremony in the pavilion, in company with the ministers of his Mosque. The Vizier to excuse his friend, said so much upon the subject, that he excited the curiosity of the Caliph: who, instead of going to rest, ordered the disguises to be brought, in which he and Giafar used to go about the city, and made him and Mesrour, with the other slaves about him, go with him to the pavilion.

Giafar knew there was not a syllable of truth in what he had told his master. He would willingly therefore have diverted the Caliph from  
his

his purpose: but in vain, the Prince would go; and the Vizier, trembling for the consequences, was obliged to attend him.

On their arrival, they found the door of the hall partly open; and the Caliph approaching, was surprised to see a young man and woman of such extraordinary beauty. He was also much displeased to see Ibrahim, whom he had always considered as a grave steady man, now drinking wine, and carousing to excess. 'Are these,' said he, to the Vizier, 'the ministers of the Mosque you told me of?'

At this instant, Selima took up a lute, and began to tune it. The Caliph was exceedingly fond of this instrument: He again drew near the door, when the fair Persian played on it so admirably, as quite delighted him. Returning to the Vizier, he said, 'I will forgive you all, if you will contrive to introduce me to this company, without discovering who I am.'

There

There was in the gardens a fine canal which abounded with the choicest fish. The bold and needy fishermen of the town would often scale the walls, though strictly prohibited, to obtain some of them. It occurred to the Vizier, that possibly he might meet with one of these pilferers. Having hinted this to the Caliph, he sat out with Messour, and fortunately found one stripped in his shirt, and busily employed in disengaging some fine fish from the net which he had just drawn on shore. At the sight of the Caliph's attendants, away ran the fisherman; leaving the fish, nets, and clothes behind him. Giafar seized the latter, and, taking with him a few of the finest fish, he persuaded the Caliph to assume the appearance of a fisherman, and present himself as such to Ibrahim and his companions.

The Caliph agreed to the proposal; but, lest he should be exposed to any insult in his own garden, he sent away an attendant for his imperial robes. He then dressed himself as a fisherman, and entering the room where Ibrahim and his



his guests were, he offered to sell them his fish. The Scheich was now drunk. He would have driven away the supposed fisherman : but Selima interposed, and expressed a desire to have the fish, if they could be dressed immediately. ‘ My Princess,’ replied the old man, ‘ I have a kitchen below, where this fellow may dress them if he pleases.’ — ‘ I desire no better,’ replied the Caliph, ‘ and will ask nothing for them, if you will let me join your company.’

This being agreed to, the Caliph, who took upon himself the name of Kerim, withdrew, and ordered the slaves who attended him to dress the fish ; which being done, he served them up himself, and sat down with the company. They all commended the fish ; and Noureddin, being no less drunk than his host, took out his purse of gold, and threw it at the supposed fisherman as a reward : nor was this all, for when Selima had sung another song, with which Kerim expressed himself highly delighted, Noureddin told him he was honest fellow, and as he  
liked

liked the slave, she was at his service ; he would make him a present of her. Having said this, he arose, and was about to take up his robe and depart.

Selima in vain entreated her unworthy master to recal his rash gift. He reproached her as the cause of all his misfortunes. The Caliph was astonished at what had passed ; and while the fair Persian retired to a sofa to vent her grief, he requested Nouredin to relate his story.

The young man complied ; and the Caliph found from his narrative, that though his new acquaintance had been led aside by youthful indiscretion, which deserved correction, yet King Zinchi, and his Vizier Saouy, had been guilty of oppression and injustice. He considered that the folly of Nouredin had brought severe distress upon him : while the King of Balfora, influenced by his minister, had abused the authority delegated from him, with impunity.

He

He determined therefore to punish their injustice, by the very man who had been the victim of it. He wrote an order to Zinchi to abdicate his throne, and place Noureddin on it. He added also a set form of words in the margin of the letter, which denoted his insisting on punctual and immediate obedience. This he put into Noureddin's hands, and advised him to return with it to Balsora. 'I am not unknown,' said he, 'to Zinchi; we were school-fellows; though this letter is given you by a person so obscure, yet, depend upon it, when the King receives it, he will do you justice.'

An air of authority, which broke forth while the Caliph said this, had great influence with Noureddin; and, as his situation was desperate, he ventured on a desperate undertaking: He rose up, and without taking leave of Selima, who was overwhelmed with grief, he went on board a vessel, and sailed for Balsora.

**A ridiculous**



A ridiculous scene now took place between the drunken Ibrahim and the supposed fisherman. 'You have been well paid for your paltry fish, by that prodigal,' said Ibrahim, 'but I shall not suffer you to keep all he has given you. I am content to divide the money with you; but the beautiful slave I will keep entirely to myself.' The Caliph refused him in a laughing answer, which so enraged Ibrahim, that he withdrew in haste to fetch a cane, and chastise the insolent Kerim.

As soon as Ibrahim had left the hall, the Caliph gave a signal for his attendants to enter. They instantly took away the fisherman's garb, and dressed him in the royal robes; and when Ibrahim returned staggering, and muttering curses and threatenings against the unreasonable fisherman, he was amazed to find in his room the Caliph, attended by his principal officers.

The Scheich stood aghast at a sight so unwelcome, and so unexpected. Recollecting himself,

self, he, in the most humble manner, besought his master's pardon. The Caliph, after giving him a good-humoured reprimand, forgave him, and, turning to Selima, who had seen these transactions in silent astonishment, he exhorted her to take comfort, as Noureddin would soon be in a situation to receive her again in splendour. In the mean time he promised to place her under the protection of his favourite lady, Zobeide.

Noureddin had time enough, during his voyage, to reflect on the danger he exposed himself to by returning to Balsora; but his situation was so deplorable that he became almost indifferent to the consequence. On his landing, without consulting any friend, he went directly to the palace, and presented the letter to Zinchi, at the time of public audience. The King's colour changed on reading it; he was about to obey the Caliph's order, when he thought of shewing it to his Vizier.

Saouy

Saouy read it in a transport of envy, rage, and despair: he took care, however, to conceal these passions. An artful expedient occurred to him, to postpone, at least, Nouredin's elevation. He pretended to turn round for better light, when he tore off the set form in the margin, which he swallowed; then, turning to the King, who was in great confusion, he talked with him in a whisper to the following effect: That the set form being omitted, it was plain the Caliph had only given Nouredin that letter to get rid of him; that the patent had not been sent, which was itself sufficient reason to suspend obedience to so strange an order. He concluded with requesting Zinchi to commit Nouredin to his custody, hinting pretty plainly that he should not long be in the King's way. Zinchi consented, and Nouredin was seized, loaded with chains, and conveyed to the house of his inveterate enemy, where he was treated with the utmost rigour.

Nouredin



Noureddin remained six days in this situation, lamenting chiefly his own indiscretion, in thus putting himself in the hands of his enemies.—Saouy did not pass this time without uneasiness; he dreaded the consequence of his bold measure, in tearing off the most material part of the Caliph's letter. Though he was impatient to deprive Noureddin of life, he neither durst do so privately, as he at first intended; nor was his malice satisfied with less than the shame of a public execution, which he could not inflict on his own authority. Thus situated he had recourse again to artifice; and, taking advantage of Zinchi being intoxicated, he made such a representation of Noureddin, that he obtained the royal order to put him to death next day, in the midst of the city.

At the time appointed Saouy went in person to the prison, accompanied by his slaves, with the executioner and his attendants, and ordered the prisoner to be conducted to the scaffold, with every possible circumstance of ignominy. Nou-

reddin, who heard these barbarous orders, exclaimed, 'Thou triumphest now, O mine enemy; but remember what is written in one of our books; "You judge unjustly, forgetting that in a little time you shall be judged yourself."—'Fool,' replied Saouy, 'not to remember what another of our books sayeth, "What signifies dying the day after the death of one's enemy!"'

Noureddin was led through all the principal streets of the city, to a scaffold erected opposite the gate of the palace. The fatal blow was about to be struck, when a most tormenting thirst oppressed the prisoner, who earnestly desired some water, which the people about undertook to provide. This causing a little delay, the Vizier impatiently called out to the executioner to perform his office. A tumult immediately ensued among the people, who still retained an affection for Noureddin, and ever hated Saouy. The King himself was offended at the cruelty of his minister, and gave a signal  
to

to suspend the execution. At this instant a troop of horse came galloping full speed towards the palace, at the head of whom appeared Giafar.

The instant Saouy saw the Grand Vizier, he again pressed the execution of the prisoner, which Zinchi with high indignation again forbade. When the Caliph's minister reached the palace, he ordered Nouredin to be released, seized Saouy, and the same hour sat out again for Bagdad, taking Zinchi and Nouredin with him, and leading Saouy thither prisoner, bound with the same chains he had lately imposed on the unfortunate Nouredin.

The sudden and timely appearance of Giafar, was caused by the Caliph accidentally hearing Selima accompanying her lute, in the apartments of Zobeide; this brought to his recollection that he had not sent to Balsora the patent confirming Nouredin King, in the room of Zinchi. Giafar was immediately dispatched



with it in all haste; and arrived just in time to prevent the effect of Saouy's malice.

On his return to Bagdad, Giafar introduced them to the Caliph, who, having examined into every thing, told Nouredin he was at liberty to revenge his sufferings, by depriving his enemy of his head. The young man, generous in this instance, was satisfied with having Saouy in his power; he even entreated the Caliph to pardon him. Haroun Alraschid highly commended his manly and liberal behaviour, but added, 'though it is right in you to forgive a private injury, it would ill become me to pardon such an abuse of authority. Mercy to such an offender would be cruelty to my people.' Saying this, he ordered Saouy to be immediately put to death.

The Caliph would have dispatched Nouredin to take possession of the throne of Balfora; but he declared that the many calamities he had met with in that city had made it hateful to him;

him; the Caliph, therefore, after a severe reprimand, permitted Zinchi to reassume his government; and, restoring Selima to Nouredin, he gave him a handsome appointment in his palace.

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THE STORY OF BEDER, PRINCE OF PERSIA,  
AND GIAHAURE, PRINCESS OF SAMANDAL.

SOME ages ago Persia was governed by an accomplished prince, of the name of Mirza. His great reputation kept his neighbours in awe: his subjects were happy under his government: he kept up the dignity of a Sovereign of Persia with great splendour: his haram was filled with beauties from all parts of the world; but though he was exceedingly amorous, he had never attached himself to any particular object, he felt the necessity of something more than mere personal beauty to command his heart.

One day a merchant, who dealt in beautiful slaves, arrived at Mirza's court, and acquainted him that he had met with a slave more lovely than any he had ever seen. The King desired to see her, and was so charmed with her, that he paid the merchant the full price he demanded, and gave him a noble present beside.

The King ordered the fair slave to be lodged in the most elegant apartments of the haram, and directed the attendants to behave to her with the most profound respect. When she had reposed a few days, and had recovered the fatigue of her journey, her charms were so much improved, that Mirza was quite enamoured with her.

The fair slave rather endured, than received the caresses of her royal master. She submitted herself to his disposal in silence. The most affectionate endearments produced no alteration in her behaviour. She continued to cast her eyes on the ground; nor could any entreaties prevail with her to utter a single word. Mirza, notwithstanding,



withstanding, became so fond of her, that he dismissed all his other women, and attached himself entirely to her.

A year passed, during which the fair slave observed the same obstinate silence; when one day, as the King was pouring forth vows of the most unalterable affection, he perceived that she listened to him in a different manner from what she had been used to do. She held up her head; she smiled, and cast her eyes on the King, with looks of love. Mirza perceived the alteration with as much surprise as delight: he doubted not but she was going to speak: he urged her, and she fulfilled his expectations to this purpose.

‘ Since I have resolved to break silence, I have much to say to your Majesty; but let me, in the first place, thank you for all the favours and honours you have conferred upon me. Let me inform you also that I am with child; this circumstance has induced me to break a silence I had intended should have been

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perpetual,

perpetual, and to love and respect you as I ought."

Mirza was transported to hear she was likely to make him a father; a blessing he had despaired of, as none of his mistresses had brought him an heir. In the extravagance of his joy he caused the news to be instantly proclaimed to his capital; he ordered the poor to be relieved, the prisoners set at liberty, and every possible demonstration of joy to take place throughout his dominions. Having given these directions, he turned to the fair slave, and tenderly enquired into the cause of her long silence.

"To account for my conduct," said she, "let me inform you, Sir, that though I was reduced so low as to be sold to you for a slave, I am of royal blood. I have never ceased to remember my origin, and took care to do nothing which should disgrace that birth, by giving any thing like a consent to what befel me, in the state to which my misfortunes had reduced me. Your  
tender

tender attention and respect shook this resolution, and my being with child by you has entirely overturned it.

‘ My name is Gulnare of the Sea. My father was one of the most potent princes of the ocean. At his death he left his kingdom in profound peace to my brother Saleh; and I lived happily in his court, under the protection of my royal mother, who was daughter of another puissant monarch of the sea.

‘ An ambitious neighbour, taking advantage of my brother’s youth, and of our too great security, invaded his territory with a mighty army; and advanced so rapidly to his capital, that we could scarce save ourselves from falling into his hands. We escaped to an inaccessible fortress, with a few trusty adherents, and continued there a long time, while my brother laid plans to drive out the usurper.

Saleh was very fond of me; and as the affair he was about to undertake was exceedingly ha-



ardous, he wished to see me married before he embarked in it. 'In the present miserable condition of our affairs,' said he, 'I see no probability of matching you to any of the princes of the sea; I would therefore wish you to marry one of the princes of the earth. Your beauty surpasses anything they ever saw, and a very small part of the little wealth we have left would be an inconceivable treasure to the greatest of them.'

Instead of weighing this advice of my brother as it deserved, I reproached him with meanness of spirit, in making me so degrading a proposal. My mother adopting his idea, I gave way to my wounded pride, and with an imprudence, and want of duty, which youth could scarcely excuse, I threw myself out of the protection of these my natural and best friends. As soon as they had left me, I gave a spring from the bottom of the sea to the island of the moon. It would be tedious if I was to relate to your Majesty the many distressing consequences of this rash step. One disaster

disaster followed another, the usual and just punishment of indiscretion and disobedience, till I became at length a slave, and fell into your hands.'

When Gulnare had finished her narration, the King of Persia embraced her with great tenderness. 'Your story, my charming Princess,' said he, 'has greatly excited my curiosity, which I would beg of you to gratify, if I was not resolved first to put you in a situation more worthy of you.' Mirza sent immediately for the proper officers, and publicly espoused the beautiful Gulnare, causing her to be proclaimed Queen of Persia, in the most solemn manner, all over the kingdom.

These ceremonies over, the King required of his lovely bride a more particular account of the inhabitants of the sea. 'I have often heard,' said he, 'that the sea was peopled, but I ever considered it as a fable, not believing it was possible

fible for human beings to walk up and down, and live entirely in the water.'

'Sir,' replied the Queen, 'we can walk at the bottom of the sea with as much ease as you do on land, and breathe in the water as you do in the air, yet it never wets our cloaths. Our faculties in general are more perfect than yours. Our vulgar language is the same that was engraven upon the seal of Solomon, the son of David.

'The water does not obstruct the opening and shutting of our eyes. Our sight is sharp and piercing, and can discern any object in the deepest sea as distinctly as upon land. We have the same succession of times and seasons as you have, and enjoy the light of the same planets in as great perfection. As the sea is much larger than the earth, so we have many more kingdoms, all of which have great cities, well peopled; and there is the same variety of manners and customs among us, as there is among the nations upon earth.

'The



“The palaces of our kings, and great men, are magnificent beyond any idea that you can form. We have gold, as you have; but the diamonds and pearls which are in most estimation with you, would scarcely be worn by the lowest order of our people. We have an incredible agility in transporting ourselves where we please in an instant; so that we have no occasion for carriages or horses, yet we use both for splendour on public occasions.

“Among other things in which we differ greatly from the inhabitants of the earth is, the method of delivery, and managing the women of the sea in their lying in. On this account it will be necessary to send for my mother and my cousins, to assist at my labour. I wish also to be reconciled to my brother. I beseech your Majesty will give me leave to send for them; they will be glad to see me now I am the consort of so great a Prince, and proud to pay their respects to your Majesty.”

The

The King started at this proposal. 'I should rejoice,' replied he, 'to receive your relations; but how can they know where you are, unless you leave me to go in search of them? that I cannot bear to think of.'—'Sir,' said Gulnare, with a smile, 'if I have your permission to send for them, I need not stir from this room. They will be here in a very short time.'

Mirza readily consenting, the Queen requested him to retire into an adjoining closet, from whence he could see her friends without being seen by them till she chose to introduce him. The royal palace stood close to the sea; the Queen opened the windows nearest to it, and, having called for a pan of fire, she threw in some powder, and pronounced certain words over it.

Presently the sea appeared disturbed, and in a short time opened; when a tall, handsome young man, with whiskers of a sea-green co-

hair

four, appeared on the surface; a little behind him was one lady, advanced in years, attended by five beautiful young ones. The Queen, approaching the windows of the apartment, was soon perceived by her relations, who came forward, not walking, but carried, as it were, on the surface of the waves. When they came near the palace, they nimbly leaped into it. The whole company embraced Gulnare, and tenderly reproached her with having left them so abruptly, and kept herself concealed from them so long. King Saleh also told her that he had driven out the usurper, and seized his kingdom, as well as recovered his own.

Gulnare received them with great respect, and, in a few words, told them all that had befallen her. 'I could not, added she, for very shame, apply to you while I was beset with difficulties, which arose entirely from my own imprudence. But I am now become the wife of the greatest monarch of the earth; who, in every instance,

treats



treats me with the utmost regard and attention.

A sumptuous collation was brought in, which the Queen requested her relations to partake of. As they were preparing to do so, the same thought struck them all, that they had entered the palace of a mighty Prince, and were about to sit down at his table, without having been introduced to him. A sense of this incivility caused them to blush; their eyes sparkled, and they breathed flames of fire at their mouths and nostrils.

Gulnare doubted not but this sight would alarm her husband; and, as she found her relations were desirous of seeing him, she withdrew to the closet where he was, and offered to introduce him to them. Mirza expressed himself much satisfied at their arrival, but frankly owned he durst not trust himself near people who breathed forth fire so terribly. Gulnare, laughing, told

told him, that those flames would cease when they saw him ; and were only a token of their unwillingness to sit down to table without him.

When the Queen had presented her relations to the King of Persia, and mutual compliments had passed, all his apprehensions were done away, and he soon became much attached to his illustrious guests. He treated them many days together with the greatest magnificence. In the midst of these hours of festivity their joy was encreased by the Queen being happily delivered of a Prince, so beautiful, that they agreed, with one voice, to call him Beder ; which, in the Arabian language, signifies the full moon.

One day, soon after the birth of the Prince, when Mirza and Saleh were visiting the Queen, the latter took Beder from his nurse, and after caressing him, and dancing him about the room, on a sudden he leapt out of the window, into the sea, with the child in his arms, and disappeared.

The King of Persia was exceedingly alarmed when he saw his beloved son, the child of his wishes, thus snatched from him. He concluded the infant must be drowned, and was giving way to despair, when Saleh returned, with Beder in his arms, whom he restored unhurt to his nurse. He then explained to Mirza the reason of his conduct. 'Children, said he, 'born of parents who are not both inhabitants of the sea, have only a few moments occur, once during their early infancy, in which the privilege of descending into the regions of the water can be imparted to them. While I was playing with my nephew, I perceived those precious moments (soon to pass away) were arrived; without losing them to explain myself to you, I pronounced the mysterious words which were engraven on the seal of the great Solomon, the son of David, and, taking the Prince with me into the sea, I completed the necessary rites. Beder will now be able, when he pleases, to plunge into the sea, and traverse the vast empires it contains at its bottom.

'I have



‘I have also,’ continued he, ‘brought your Majesty a small present, which I request you to accept.’ He then made a signal, when two men arose out of the sea, bearing an immense coffer, which contained three hundred diamonds, as large as pigeons eggs, as many rubies, with emeralds, and pearls of the greatest value: so that the King of Persia was absolutely astonished at a display of riches which exceeded every thing he had any notion of.

King Saleh, and the ladies of the sea, continued with Mirza and Gulnare as long as in prudence they could. At length they took leave, and returned to their own territories. An affectionate intercourse continued between them during their lives; and they paid frequent visits to the court of Persia.

As Beder grew up, he appeared to be a Prince of great hopes. His temper was benevolent; his talents brilliant; and they were early called into exercise. While he was yet a youth,

disease bore heavily on Mirza, and he became desirous to withdraw himself from the fatigues of royalty. He resigned, therefore, his crown to his son; and though he survived that event but a short time, yet he had the satisfaction to see the Prince conduct himself with great ability, and to be treated by him with the most perfect respect and duty.

The loss of his father was well supplied to the young King by the sagacious councils of Gulnare and King Saleh. That Prince was so attached to his nephew, that he passed with him all the time he could spare from the care of his own dominions. One day after dinner, Saleh, in conversation with his sister Gulnare, fell insensibly on the praises of his nephew. Beder, among his other virtues, had great modesty; and not being willing either to interrupt his uncle, or to sit and hear his own applause, he arose from table, and withdrew to a sofa, where he pretended to fall asleep.

Saleh

Saleh continued the conversation, and told the Queen, that there was a Princess of the sea, who far surpassed all others in beauty, whom he earnestly wished to be the wife of Beder; but that very considerable difficulties lay in the way of obtaining her for him.

Gulnare arose in haste to look at Beder; who being much interested in the conversation, counterfeited the most profound sleep. The Queen, thinking him really so, returned to her seat, and Saleh proceeded to tell her, that it was Giauhara, daughter of the King of Samandal, whom he thought of for his nephew. 'She is,' continued he, 'the most beautiful and accomplished Princess that ever was seen on earth, or in the waters. But as her father is insupportably proud, looking upon all others as his inferiors, it is not likely he will readily agree to the alliance.'

Beder heard this discourse too attentively for his peace. He became enamoured of the Princess



Giauhara, of whose beauty he conceived the highest opinion: and fear lest the King of Samandal should reject him, entirely destroyed his rest: He became absent, thoughtful, and sad. While Saleh contemplated this change in his beloved nephew with great anxiety, an accident revealed to him the cause of it. Walking one evening in the gardens of the palace, he overheard Beder express his passion for the unknown Giauhara, in terms the most vehement.

Saleh was excessively grieved at this event. He discovered himself immediately to the young King of Persia, and represented to him, in the strongest terms, the folly of devoting his heart to a lady, whose beauty he knew only by report. But Beder, finding his secret thus unexpectedly discovered by his uncle, avowed his attachment, and pleaded the necessity of his obtaining Giauhara to preserve his life, in such pathetic terms, as entirely subdued Saleh. Beder perceiving the impression he had made, pressed his uncle to take him immediately to his kingdom, (without

out asking Gulnare's consent, of which they had no hope) and set on foot a treaty with the King of Samandal. Saleh agreed; and the sea passing at the bottom of the garden, they both plunged into it, and arrived, in a very short time, at the palace of the sea King.

Saleh prepared a most sumptuous present, and set off, as soon as possible, with a great retinue, for the court of Samandal. On his arrival, the King treated him with much respect, and appointed a public audience, to receive him in the presence of the whole court, the next day. Accordingly King Saleh was introduced in great state, and placed on the King of Samandal's left hand: where, knowing the character of the Prince he was addressing, he paid his compliments to his Royal Host, in the most submissive and respectful manner; and concluded by directing his attendants to lay the present they bore, at the King of Samandal's feet

If the vanity of that Prince was delighted by the abject behaviour of his brother King, his avarice was no less gratified by his present, which was of immense value. He turned therefore towards his guest, and embracing him, requested to know in what manner he could serve him.

King Saleh, pleased with his gracious reception, declared that the purport of his visit was to solicit an alliance by marriage between the two royal Families. He had scarce proceeded thus far, when the King of Samandal interrupted him by a loud laugh; after which he asked him, with much contempt, 'how long he had entertained such a chimera? or how he could conceive the absurd thought of aspiring to so great and accomplished a Princess.'

King Saleh had submitted to humour the disposition of the King of Samandal, because he feared that haughty Prince would be with difficulty prevailed-on to give his daughter to Beder; who, being only a King of the earth,

was



was greatly her inferior; but when he found himself treated in so contemptuous a manner, he was highly offended; and replied with great spirit, ' You are mistaken, Sir, if you suppose I meant to ask your daughter for myself; nor should I have considered such a request as at all aspiring, being in every respect your equal. It is for my nephew, the King of Persia, that I was about to solicit, a Prince whose merit renders him a fit husband for the lovely Giauhara; and who, though not a Prince of the sea, is the most potent of the Kings of the earth.'

The rage of the King of Samandal at this discourse, deprived him, for some time, of all utterance. At length he broke out into outrageous and injurious expressions, unworthy of a King: nor content with this, he forgot what was due to the dignity of Saleh, and to the rights of hospitality. He called out to his guards to seize his guest, and cut off his head.

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The audience chamber became a scene of the greatest confusion. Saleh presently escaped out of the palace, at the gate of which he found a thousand men, of his relations and friends, well armed. — The Queen, his mother, considering how few attendants he had, and the reception he would probably meet with from the King of Samandal, had sent this little troop after him for his protection.

Saleh put himself at the head of his friends, and, with great presence of mind, secured the avenues of the palace; and, entering again the audience chamber, he seized the person of the King of Samandal. His next care was to have secured the Princess; but on the first alarm, she, together with her attendants, had sprung to the surface of the sea, and escaped to a desert island.

Mean time, some of Saleh's attendants, who fled at the first onset, arrived at that King's capital, and spread a general consternation, by  
relating

relating the danger they left him in. All the Royal Family were in the deepest affliction; but Beder, who considered himself as the cause of his uncle's misfortune, was overwhelmed with sorrow and confusion. He dreaded the reproaches of his grandmother, and of the other Princesses: He hastily, therefore, darted from the bottom of the sea, and not knowing how to find the way to Persia, he arrived, by chance, at the same island where the Princess Giauhara had taken refuge.

The Prince, much disturbed in mind, seated himself under a grove of trees. While he was endeavouring to compose himself, he overheard the sound of voices; and drawing near the place they proceeded from, he saw a lady of the most exquisite beauty conversing with some attendants. Beder was quite charmed with her. He listened to their conversation, and, to his astonishment, he soon found that the lady was the Princess to whose beauty he had devoted his heart, from the account he had heard of it. He learnt



learnt also the success of his uncle Saleh, and the captivity of the King of Samandal: whose misfortune, the charming Princess dutifully deplored, though she expressed herself unacquainted with the cause of it.

Beder was so rejoiced at meeting with his beloved Giauhara, that he rushed forward, and threw himself at her feet; and as soon as she had recovered her surprise, he related how he had become enamoured with her, who he was, and concluded by offering to attend her to her father's court, where he had no doubt of being able to re-establish friendship between the two sea Kings.

The Princess was pleased with the person and address of Beder: and when she heard him relate how much he had become attached to her, before he had seen her, she blushed, and listened to him with great complacency. But when she found he was the nephew of King Saleh, and the cause of the insult her father

ther had received, and of her own fright and grief, she soon entertained very different sentiments respecting him. She gave way to the dictates of fury and revenge, which yet she had art enough to conceal. She suffered such expressions of favour towards him to escape her, seemingly in her confusion, that the fond Prince was enraptured; and by reaching forth his hand, to seize that of the Princess, he put himself in her power. She pushed him back, and spit at him, saying, 'Wretch! quit the form of a man, and take that of a white bird, with a red bill and feet.' The spell took place directly; and the unfortunate Beder became a bird of that description. 'Carry him now,' said the revengeful Giauhara to one of her attendants, 'to yonder solitary rock, and let him remain there, without food or water, till he perishes.'

The attendant to whom the fate of Beder was committed, took compassion of him. 'How cruel is it,' thought she, 'to destroy so accomplished a Prince? my mistress will certainly one day

day repent it.' ' Without venturing to expostulate with Giauhara, she took charge of the bird; but instead of carrying him to the barren rock, she conveyed him to a neighbouring island, well planted and watered, where he would have no difficulty to find support.

While these matters were transacting, Saleh, having secured the person of the King of Samandal, though he treated him with respect, determined to keep him prisoner, and to administer the government of his kingdom, till Giauhara should return. This he found no difficulty in accomplishing. He appointed trusty officers for the several departments, and then returned to his own kingdom, where he found all the Princesses of his family in great grief for the absence of King Beder. But as the inhabitants of the sea are too wise to indulge long a fruitless sorrow, those august persons soon comforted each other, and waited for his return, with hope and patience.

The



The King of Persia still continued, under the force of the enchantment, and gathered, in the island he was placed in, that subsistence which suited the form he bore. It happened that a peasant, who was skilled in taking birds, saw him; and being much pleased with his beauty, contrived to ensnare him. He carried him to a neighbouring city, where he was offered a large sum for him by a luxurious citizen, who wished to gratify his appetite with so tempting a morsel. The peasant refused his offer, not doubting but the King of that country would be glad to have so rare and beautiful a bird. Nor was he mistaken. The King paid him very bountifully; and immediately sent for the Queen, to present her with his purchase.

When the Queen entered the room where the bird was, she let fall her veil, and told the King, that it was a Prince of illustrious descent he had purchased under that form. She then, at her husband's request, took some water in a cup, and by muttering some words over it, caused

caused it to boil. This she sprinkled on the bird, saying, 'By virtue of the holy and mysterious words I have pronounced, resume the form in which thou wast created.' Immediately the bird vanished, and a handsome young man, paid the warmest thanks to his royal benefactors.

The King, having heard Beder's story, embraced and congratulated him, offering him every service in his power. 'As you are at so great a distance from your own kingdom,' said he to the King of Persia, 'your power of conveying yourself through the sea is, at present, of very little service to you, for how will you find your way through it? you had better therefore embark in some of the vessels which sail from hence to some country nearer your own.'

Beder followed this advice; but when the ship had nearly completed her voyage, a violent storm drove her out of her course; and as she approached the shore of an unknown land, she

he struck against a hidden rock, and beat to pieces. The crew all perished; but the King of Persia threw himself into the sea, and reached the shore without difficulty. As he approached the city, he was met by a great number of animals; horses, camels, mules, asses, and other beasts, who crowded together before him, and seemed to oppose his entering it. He forced his way through them; and on entering the city, found the streets spacious, and well built. He proceeded a considerable way without meeting with any one, and came at last to some shops, in one of which he saw an old man, whom he courteously saluted.

The old man started at the sight of the Prince, and, without answering his compliment, pressed him to come into his house. Beder, though surprised at his earnestness, complied: When the old man congratulated him that he had obtained that shelter, before any misfortune had befallen him; asking at the same time, what business



brought him to that city? and whether he had met any body in his walk thither?

Beder told his host what had happened to the ship; and added, 'that he met no man in his way from the sea, but had been strangely opposed by a number of animals of different sorts.'

'Those animals were much your friends,' replied Abdallah, which was the name of the old man; 'this city is called the city of enchantments; it is governed by a Queen, named Labe, who is one of the most charming, and most wicked of her sex; inconstant, cruel, treacherous, and a forcerefs. All those animals were once young men, strangers like you, whom she has transformed by her diabolical art. She has regular patroles, who go about the avenues of the city, and seize all strangers, either coming in or going out of it. They are carried before the Queen, and if she fancies either of them, he is clothed in magnificent apparel, treated as a Prince,

Prince, careſſed by the Queen, who gives him ſuch proofs of affection, as to make him conclude ſhe loves him entirely. This happineſs is not permitted to laſt long; for within forty days he is ſure to loſe the human ſhape, and become a brute.’

The King of Perſia heard this account with much concern:—‘How unfortunate am I!’ ſaid he aloud; ‘ſcarce freed from one enchantment, which I remember with horror, I am now expoſed to another yet more terrible.’ Having ſaid this, he very frankly told his hoſt who he was, and what had befallen him, and requested his advice how to conduct himſelf in his preſent perilous ſituation.

‘Prince,’ replied Abdallah, ‘the wiſe man, and the good muſſelman will, in all diſaſtrous events, look about for ſuch circumſtances as moſt alleviate diſtreſs, and from them will collect courage and reſignation to the will of heaven. It is true, you are unfortunate in arriving at this

city; but then your having missed the patrols, and your applying to me, are happy events. Know that there is no person in her dominions, whom Labe treats with so much respect as myself: the cause of which is, that she well knows she has much reason to fear me. It would be too bold a risque to attempt to get out of the city yet; reside a little time with me; I will give out that you are my nephew, which will secure you the civilities of the citizens, and you will not be considered as a stranger; and though it will not protect you wholly from the Queen, it will at least make her cautions how she behaves to you.'

The King of Persia thankfully accepted this offer. As Abdallah knew it would be impossible to conceal his guest from observation, he let him appear openly; and on all occasions spoke of him as his nephew. Near a month had passed, when Beder, being at the door, saw a very splendid procession approaching: he asked his host what it meant?



meant? 'The Queen is coming by,' answered he, 'but do you stand still, and fear nothing.'

A thousand of the Queen's guards, clothed in purple, armed and well mounted, marched first, with their sabres drawn; then followed the like number of eunuchs, habited in rich brocades; next came as many young ladies on foot, splendidly dressed, and marching slowly, with half pikes in their hands; in the midst of them appeared Queen Labe, on a horse all glittering with diamonds, with a gold saddle, and housings of inestimable value. All the retinue, as they passed, saluted Abdallah; and the Queen, when she came to his shop, stopt to speak with him.

At the sight of Beder, the Queen complimented Abdallah on his possessing so handsome a slave. The old man told her he was a nephew, whom he had adopted as a son. 'I will then,' replied the Queen, 'for your sake, make him as great and powerful as ever a private man was; let him join my train.' Abdallah, with great

respect, besought her to excuse him; but Labe, having gazed earnestly on the Prince, became much pleased with him, and very importunate with the old man to part with him. Abdallah was exceedingly grieved for King Beder; but finding the Queen would not be refused, he consented, on condition his supposed nephew might pass one day more with him.

Most part of this day he passed in comforting the King of Persia, who was in despair when he found he should be in the power of the forcerefs. Abdallah recommended to him to place no confidence in the Queen's professions, but to watch her with the most jealous attention, and if any thing happened which appeared alarming, to consult him immediately.

The next day Labe came with her usual train, to conduct Beder to her palace. As soon as she arrived at Abdallah's house, he went up to her, and said, ' Puissant Queen, I conjure you to lay aside the secrets of that art you possess in so wonderful

derful a degree. I respect my nephew as my own son, and you will reduce me to the utmost despair if you should think fit to deal with him as you have done with others.'—'I understand you very well,' replied the Queen, 'and swear to you by the fire, and the light, and by whatsoever is sacred in my religion, that neither you nor he shall have cause to repent your compliance with my desire.' She then ordered a horse to be brought for the Prince, as richly caparisoned as her own, and caused him to be placed at her left hand. As he was mounting, she asked Abdallah, what was the name of his nephew? and being told Beder, (the full moon) her Majesty replied, 'Sure it was a mistake; he ought to have been called Shems! (the Sun.)'

When they arrived at the palace, the Queen conducted Beder through the apartments, which were furnished in most magnificent style. Before dinner, she laid aside her veil, and discovered a face uncommonly charming. The Prince notwithstanding, beheld her unmoved. 'No



one,' thought he, 'is beautiful, whose actions are hideous.'

But when dinner was over, and wine was introduced; when music and dancing had softened the mind of the young Prince, then the charms of the enchantress bewitched him; and laying aside all his wholesome fears, he returned her caresses, careless of the consequences.

For nine and thirty days, Beder abandoned himself to these enervating pleasures; but in the evening of the last of those days, he chanced to observe the Queen mix a powder in a cup of wine, which she afterwards presented to him. His suspicions were at once awakened. He contrived to change the cup unobserved; and by that means avoided drinking the potion, though he knew not for what purpose it was administered. The powder was intended to promote sleep; and when Beder and the Queen retired to rest, the Prince, whose mind was much disturbed, aided the deception unwittingly, by pretending

tending to fall asleep immediately, in order to avoid conversation. Labe arose, and not doubting but her powder had taken the designed effect, proceeded to her incantations; Beder all the time observing her with the most anxious solicitude.

She opened a chest, and taking out a box full of yellow powder, she laid a train of it across the chamber, when a rivulet of water appeared. The forcerefs poured some of this water into a bason full of flour, and kneaded it, mixing certain drugs, and all the while muttering over it. Having made a cake, she caused a fire to appear in one corner of the room, where she baked it. When it was done, she uttered certain words, and the rivulet and fire disappeared. The Queen put by her cake, and returned to bed.

Beder no longer doubted but Labe meditated mischief against him. In this situation he reflected with deep regret, that he had given himself up to sensuality with the abandoned Queen,  
and

and neglected Abdallah. He resolved to visit him as soon as it was day, to acknowledge his fault, and entreat his advice how to act in his present situation.

He arose accordingly, and leaving Queen Labe asleep, he found out the house of his kind host, and related to him all that had past. Abdallah, embracing him, said, 'you have shaken off your folly, my dear Beder, and have become jealous in good time. You are not mistaken: this wicked woman, notwithstanding her repeated oaths, meditates your ruin. When you return, she will present you with a cake, and press you much to eat it. You will do well to slip it aside, and eat a piece of this which I will now give you. When she thinks you have swallowed it, she will attempt to transform you into some animal. Finding she does not succeed, she will pass it off as a joke; but her hatred of you will become extreme. While she is in this confusion, you must present her with her own cake whole. As she will think she has failed of her purpose, from  
some



some omission in making her cake, she will readily eat some of yours, to remove all distrust in you ; and the sooner because she will think you broke and eat a part of that she made. As soon as she has swallowed a morsel of it, throw some water in her face, and bid her quit her present form, and take any one you please.'

Beder made all possible acknowledgment to Abdallah for defending him thus from the wiles of a pestilent forcerefs. On his return to the palace, the Queen met him with much seeming affection ; she gently chid him for having left her so long, and invited him to walk with her into the garden. When they came near a cascade, Labe, with the most endearing tenderness, presented the Prince with a cake, which she told him was of her making, and besought him to eat it for her sake. Beder received it with great respect, and bowing low, contrived to change it unobserved for that which Abdallah had given him. As soon as he had eat a little of it, the forcerefs taking some water from the cascade,

cascade, threw it in his face, saying, 'Wretch, quit the form of a man, and become a vile horse, lame and blind.'

These words having no effect, the Queen appeared confused, and blushed exceedingly; but she presently began to laugh at Beder, who gave into the pleasantry, and laughed with her. Soon after he said, 'Charming Queen, the only gift I would accept of from my uncle this morning was a cake, which you will find most delicious, if you will do me the honour to taste it.' Saying this, he presented her with her own cake. In order to regain the confidence of the King of Persia, she broke off a piece and eat it. But she had no sooner swallowed it, than she appeared much troubled, and remained motionless. Beder catching up some water in his turn, threw it in her face, saying: 'Abominable forcerefs, quit the form of a woman, which thy crimes so much dishonour, and become a mare.' The transformation took place immediately.

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The mare appeared very sensible of her situation, for she shed tears in great abundance, and bowed her head very submissively to the Prince. He put her into the hands of a groom to bridle and saddle; but of all the bridles in the stables, not one would fit her. Beder ordered the groom to lead her, with him, to Abdallah's house, who rejoiced exceedingly to see the Prince safe, and the sorceress in that situation. The old man soon found a bridle which fitted her exactly; when, having dismissed the groom, he said to Beder, 'it will be best for you, my Lord, to quit this city immediately. Mount the mare, and return to your kingdom. But before you leave me, let me recommend one thing to your especial care, which is, if ever you part with your mare, be sure to deliver the bridle.' Beder promised to remember this caution, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his friend, he sat out for Persia.

After several days travelling, he arrived at the suburbs of a great city, where a venerable old  
man



man stopped him, and asked him from what part of the world he came? While they were talking an old woman came by, and looking at the mare, sighed, and wept bitterly. Beder was affected with her sorrow, and asked her the cause of it. 'Alas! Sir,' said she, 'it is because your mare so exactly resembles one my son had, that I should think it the same if I did not know she was dead. Sell her to me, I beseech you; I will give you more than she is worth, for the sake of him who once owned her likeness.'

The King of Persia told her he would on no account sell his mare; but she continued urging and entreating him, till he was tired with her importunity. At length, seeing her very poorly dressed, he thought of a method to get rid of her. 'I never intended,' said he, 'to sell so good a beast, nor will I now for less than a thousand pieces of gold. For that price you shall have her; so go home and fetch the money.' 'I have no need to go home for it,' replied the old

old woman, unloosing a purse she had at her girdle, 'here is exactly the sum you demand!'

Beder was surprised to find so shabby a woman thus ready with such a large sum. He bid her put up her money. 'I have been only bantering you,' said he, 'my mare is not to be sold.'

The old man had been witness of all that passed. 'Son,' said he to Beder, 'it is necessary you should know one thing, which I find you are ignorant of. It is not permitted in this city, for any one to tell a lie, on pain of death. As you have made a bargain with this old woman, you must not refuse to take her money, and deliver your mare, or you will expose yourself to certain destruction.'

The King of Persia found himself obliged to alight, and give up his mare. In his confusion, he still kept hold of the bridle, long enough for the old woman to slip it off the mare's head, and leave it in his hand. The old woman then taking  
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ing up some water that ran in the street, threw it in the mare's face, saying, 'daughter, quit that bestial form, and reassume thine own.' The Queen was immediately restored, and Beder was so terrified when he saw her, that he was unable to attempt to escape.

The old woman was the mother of Queen Labe, and had instructed her in all her magic. As soon as she had embraced her daughter, she caused a Genie to arise, who taking Beder on one shoulder, and the old woman, with Queen Labe, on the other; he transported them in a few minutes to the palace of the Queen, in the city of enchantments. When they arrived, Labe, amidst many execrations, transformed the Prince into a vile owl, and delivered him to one of her attendants, with orders to shut him up in a cage, and keep him without food till he perished.

The attendant disregarding the Queen's command, locked up the cage in a room where no other



other person could come, leaving him plenty of food. She then went to Abdallah, and acquainted him with the fate of the King of Persia and his own danger; Queen Labe having vowed to destroy him by next morning.

Abdallah knew the power and the malice of the forcerefs. He summoned therefore a Genie, who immediately conveyed the attendant to the court of Persia. By the direction of Abdallah, she told Queen Gulnare in what situation she had left Beder. The affectionate mother burst into tears of joy at hearing of her son. She ordered the trumpets to sound, the drums to beat, and caused proclamation to be made all over the city, that King Beder was about to return to his capital. She then, by a certain fumigation, summoned Saleh, and acquainted him with the situation of his nephew.

Saleh assembled his troops, and called to his assistance the Genies, his allies, who appeared with their numerous armies. Gulnare joined

them, and they all lifted themselves up in the air, and soon poured down on the palace, and city of enchantments; where the magic Queen, her mother, and all the other adorers of fire were put to death. Beder was again restored to his proper form; and Abdallah being placed on the throne of Labe, received for his Queen the attendant who had preserved him and Beder.

This marriage revived the attachment of the King of Persia to the lovely Giauhara: and Saleh desirous of gratifying the wishes of his nephew, ordered the King of Samandal to be conducted to the city of enchantments. The pride of that Prince had been now sufficiently humbled: he rejoiced in the opportunity of being restored to his throne, by an alliance with the family of his conqueror.

Giauhara obeyed her father without reluctance; and after apologizing to the King of Persia for the severe treatment which filial duty had compelled her to offer him, she gave him her hand.

hand. The nuptials were solemnized with the utmost magnificence; all the lovers of the magic Queen, now restored to their pristine forms, joyfully assisting at them.

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THE HISTORY OF GANEM, SON TO ABOU AYOUB,  
SURNAMED LOVE'S SLAVE.

Abou Ayoub was a merchant of Damascus, who had, by care and industry, acquired great wealth. He had a son, a very accomplished young man, whose name was Ganem, afterwards called Love's Slave; and a daughter, who, on account of her admirable beauty, was named Alcolomb, or Ravisher of Hearts.

Abou Ayoub died; and amidst immense riches, he left an hundred bales of brocades and other rich silks, which were ready packed in his warehouses, and marked for Bagdad. Some time after



his death, Ganem resolved to carry these goods to the market they were destined for, and dispose of them among his father's correspondents. He was received by them with great respect, and soon sold his goods to his satisfaction.

Ganem employed the time he had to stay at Bagdad, till the return of the caravan, in improving his mind by conversing with the principal merchants, and seeing every thing which was worthy of observation. One day, on going to the Bezestein, he found all the shops were shut; and, on enquiring the cause, he was told that one of the merchants, whom he knew, was dead, and that all his brother traders were gone to his funeral.

Ganem went to the Mosque, and arrived there before the prayers were ended: after which the body was taken up, and followed by the kindred, and the merchants, whom Ganem joined, to the place of burial, which was at a great distance from the city. It was a stone structure,

structure, like a dome, built purposely for the family of the deceased. Tents were pitched round it to receive the company. The monument was opened, and the corps laid in it, the Imam, and the other priests, sat down in a ring, and said the rest of the prayers: they also read the chapters of the Alcoran appointed for the burial of the dead; the kindred and merchants sitting round in the same manner behind them.

It was near night before all was ended. Gannem, who did not expect so long a ceremony, began to be impatient; and was more so when he saw meats served, in memory of the deceased, according to the custom of Bagdad. He was also told, that the tents were set up to protect the company from the evening dews, as they were not to return to the city before morning. Gannem, who had considerable property in his house, was alarmed at this account; and having eat a little of the meat, he contrived to slip away from the company unobserved.

He made all possible haste towards the city; but unluckily mistook his way; nor could he even find the track to the tents again. In this situation, he resolved to take shelter for the night in one of the tombs, the doors of which they do not take much care to shut fast.

He came at length to a large tomb, before which grew a palm-tree. Here the young merchant entered, and laying down, endeavoured to sleep: but the anxiety he was under at being absent from home prevented him. He arose therefore, and walked backward and forward before the door. After some time, he was startled to see a light coming towards him. He shut the tomb, and climbed up the palm-tree, as his safest retreat.

He had scarce seated himself, when he perceived three slaves enter the burial place; one of them bearing a light, the other two a large chest; which, having dug a hole, they deposited in



in the earth, and filling up the hole as smooth as possible, they departed.

Ganem concluded that the chest contained something of value; when the slaves were gone, and day-light began to appear, he descended from the palm-tree, and with much labour removed the earth from the chest, and on opening it, was amazed to find a young lady of incomparable beauty, magnificently dressed; and though her eyes were shut, evidently alive. Ganem lifted out the chest, and the fresh air presently recovered her. When her faculties returned, she was equally frightened and astonished to find herself in a burial place. Ganem approached her with the utmost respect; he expressed his joy at having been the means of saving her from a premature grave, and offered to obey her commands and render her, in any manner she chose, the services she stood in need of. At the sight of Ganem, the lady covered her face with her veil. After hearing his account, and seeing the chest, she was at no loss to comprehend her situation,

ation, or the value of the assistance the merchant had rendered her.

But the present was no place for explanation; nor could she hesitate to accept the protection even of a stranger, when the perils that surrounded her were so numerous and so dreadful. 'I return thanks to heaven, Sir,' said she, 'for having made you the means of my deliverance: I will rely on your integrity, and thankfully accept your offer of further help. It is highly necessary, both for your safety and mine, that I should return to Bagdad unnoticed; but the dress I wear will attract the attention of the people. We must contrive to manage this matter first; and when we arrive at your house, I will fully acquaint you with my situation.'

After a short deliberation, Ganem drew the chest out of the pit, which he filled up. He then placed it in a part of the enclosure where it was least likely to be observed; and having persuaded the Lady to lay down in it again, he covered

covered it over with loose boughs, and went into the city ; he hired the first muletteer he saw, and returning to the burial place, assisted him to place the chest on the back of the mule, giving him some plausible reason for having deposited it there. The muletteer was not very curious ; he carried the chest to the merchant's house, and having received his hire, went, well satisfied, about his business.

Ganem hastened to release the lady ; he put her in possession of his best apartments, and then left her to her repose. Returning some hours after, he presented her with two female slaves, which he had bought to attend her, and led her to a table covered with the choicest dainties. The lady by this time was much recovered, and by the lively sallies of her wit, completed the conquest of Ganem's heart. The young merchant had not before felt the power of love, but now suffered it to take the most entire possession of his soul.

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When they had dined, and the slaves were withdrawn, Ganem, in reaching over some fruit to his guest, observed some golden letters on the edge of her veil, which he requested she would explain. ‘Read them,’ said she, taking off her veil, ‘they will serve to introduce my story to you.’ The young merchant was so delighted with the admirable beauty of his guest, that for some moments he forgot to look at the veil he held in his hand; but when he read the words, he was covered with confusion, for they implied that the wearer was betrothed to the illustrious Caliph Haroun Alraschid. ‘Alas! Madam,’ said Ganem, ‘I have rescued you from the grave, and these words on your veil condemn me to it.’

The lady, without noticing this folly of her deliverer, proceeded to acquaint him with her story. ‘My name,’ said she, ‘is Fetnah; which signifies a storm, and was given me, because it was predicted at my birth, that the sight of me would occasion many calamities. I was, very  
early

early in my life, introduced into the palace of the Caliph; who was so taken with me, that he presented me with this veil; and had before now added me to the number of his wives, had not his presence been required to quell an insurrection in a distant part of his dominions. The partiality of the Caliph raised me many enemies; the chief of whom is Zobeide, his first wife, and for a long time his favourite. This violent woman has taken advantage of his absence; she has caused my slaves to administer a sleepy potion to me, and during its effect, disposed of me in the manner you was witness to. When the Caliph returns he will, I am sure, amply reward the service you have done me; but till then, it is necessary that I should remain in the utmost privacy; as should Zobeide know that I have been delivered, she would not only destroy me, but you would also fall a sacrifice to her cruelty and revenge, for having preserved me.'

When Fetnah had finished her narrative, the young merchant replied, with a sigh, 'Ah!  
Madam,

Madam, your story has plunged me into the deepest despair. I had presumed to encourage hopes which I must for ever renounce. I will preserve you here in secret for your illustrious lover. I cannot cease to adore you, but will never again presume to hint my passion to you. I know too well my duty to the commander of the faithful; and that "what belongs to the master, is forbidden to the slave."

From this time Ganem waited on the lady with the most respectful attention. He never suffered a word to escape him on the subject of his passion for her; but his eyes and his actions continually spoke for him. Fetnah, who had no affection for the Caliph, could not resist the attractions of a handsome young man, who had been so materially her benefactor, and whose love for her was unquestionable. She devoted her whole heart to him; yet they were both restrained, by a sense of duty to the commander of the faithful, from coming to an explanation.

Ganem



Ganem often repeating, 'what belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave.'

But though no expressions of affection escaped the lips of either of the lovers, yet they passed every hour together which was not devoted to indispensable avocations. When they were for a little time thus divided, Fetnah counted the hours of Ganem's absence; and he flew with rapture to her presence as soon as he could dispatch his business. Several months glided away in this manner. At length the young merchant growing impatient, began to drop hints, inviting his lovely guest to retire with him to Damascus, and unite her fate with his. Fetnah had almost determined to accept his offer, when a little female vanity, and a well founded, but indiscreet indignation, put an end to all Ganem's hopes, and plunged them both into very severe calamities.

Fetnah could not bear that Zobeide should triumph in the success of her barbarous arts.

Without

Without considering the consequences to herself, or her protector, she determined to lay before the Caliph the wickedness of that Princess. She requested Ganem to enquire if the commander of the faithful was returned, and whether any notice was taken of her supposed death.

Ganem conducted these enquiries with great dexterity. He learnt that immediately after her having been disposed of in the burial place, a report of her death had been industriously spread all over the city; that Zobeide had celebrated her obsequies with great pomp, and had erected a mausoleum to receive the body, where lighted candles were perpetually burning; and every ceremony performed which custom had appointed for the illustrious dead.

He heard further, that the Caliph had returned to Bagdad more than a month; that on his arrival he had expressed the utmost sorrow for the loss of his beloved Fetnah; that he caused the ceremonies to be repeated with still greater magnificence,

nificence, and that they were still continued. Prayers and the Alcoran were recited; and the Caliph, attended by his officers in the deepest mourning, every day moistened the earth that covered the phantom of his love, with his tears.

Fetnah, on receiving this report, drew up a relation of all that had befallen her. This, by the help of Ganem, she contrived to lay before the Caliph. Haroun read the account of his favourite's sufferings with surprise and tenderness, and with indignation against Zobeide. But towards the close of her narrative, Fetnah had enlarged a little too much on the care which Ganem took of her. The manner also in which she spoke of her deliverer, betrayed to the jealous Prince the state of her heart! 'Is it so,' exclaimed the enraged Caliph? 'the perfidious wretch has been four months with a young merchant, and dares to boast of the respect he pays her. Thirty days are past since my return to Bagdad, and she now bethinks herself of tel-  
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ling me this news. Ungrateful creature ! while I have past the hours in bewailing her, she has spent them in betraying me !—Go to, let us take revenge on the false woman, and on that bold youth who affronts me.'

The Caliph immediately dispatched Giafar with orders to level Ganem's habitation with the ground, and to bring him and Fetnah prisoners to the palace. The grand Vizier had no difficulty in finding out the house of the young merchant, which chanced to stand detached from any other. He ordered his troops to surround it, that neither he nor Fetnah might escape.

The instant Fetnah saw the soldiers posting in a circle round her asylum, she concluded that her memorial to the Caliph had been attended with effects very different from what she had expected. Though not without alarm on her own account, her principal concern was for Ganem. Her influence with the Caliph she trusted could meet his anger ; but to his rage and jealousy, her  
her

her host, her deliverer, would certainly fall a sacrifice. She hastily explained to Ganem the nature of their situation, and without listening to his desire of staying with her and sharing her fate, she obliged him to disguise himself like a slave belonging to an eating house, and putting on his head the dishes they had just eat their dinner from, she opened the door, and dismissed him.

Giafar was advancing to the house when he met Ganem; but being deceived by his appearance, he suffered him to pass without examination; and the soldiers seeing him go by the grand Vizier unnoticed, gave him way also; he got speedily to one of the city gates and escaped.

When the grand Vizier entered the house, he found Fetnah sitting in a room where there were a number of chests full of the money which Ganem had made of his goods. The minister, in the most gentle manner, communicated his master's orders to the lady, who declared herself

ready to attend him; but added, that the merchant to whom she owed her life, had been gone above a month to Damascus. She then besought Giafar to preserve the chests which contained her deliverer's property, which he readily undertook to do.

The grand Vizier, having given orders for destroying the house, conducted Fetnah to the palace, and entering the royal presence, gave the Caliph an account of his proceedings. Haroun was so enraged when he found the young merchant had escaped, that he refused to see Fetnah; he ordered her to be shut up in the dark tower; a prison within the walls of the palace, where the attendants of the Caliph were punished when they disobliged him, and where he vowed the unfortunate Fetnah should end her days.

Not satisfied with this victim to his fury, the enraged Caliph wrote to his cousin Zinebi, who held the kingdom of Syria as his tributary, to find out Ganem if possible, and send him prisoner to Bagdad. He ordered his house there



to be plundered and then razed ; and all his nearest relations to be led naked through the city for three days, after which they were to be banished Damascus; the citizens also were forbid to give them shelter or relief on pain of death.

Zinebi, though he received these orders with great regret, knew his duty to the commander of the faithful too well to delay obedience. He went with a few attendants to Ganem's house, where he found his mother and sister, retired into a dome they had erected as a tomb for their beloved relation : of whom as they had heard nothing for a long time, they supposed to be dead. Zinebi, having caused the house to be diligently searched for Ganem, told the ladies, in the most gentle manner, that he had incurred the high displeasure of the Caliph, and hinted to them that the resentment of the commander of the faithful had extended itself to them. This affectionate mother and sister were so rejoiced to hear that Ganem was alive, that they at first disregarded the severities which were denounced against them. Zinebi,

moved with their piety, took off his robe and covered them with it, to protect them from insult: he then led them out, and gave the signal for the mob to plunder. Chests full of wealth, fine Persian and Indian carpets, and other rich goods were carried off by the rabble; after which the house was levelled with the ground, in the presence of the afflicted ladies; who, having undergone the first part of their punishment, were conveyed to the palace, where the Queen of Zinebi treated them with as much tenderness as she durst.

The next day proclamation was made through the city of Damascus of Ganem's offence, and of the further punishment which the Caliph had ordered to be inflicted on his relations. The citizens heard these cruel and unjust commands with the highest indignation. They shut up their houses and shops, and avoided the streets at the time the unhappy ladies were led through them. Even the officers executed their duty without rigour, and suffered them to wear a loose robe of  
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horse-hair which some of their friends had ventured to provide for them. The sentence being fulfilled, they were banished the city, and the inhabitants strictly forbidden to give them any assistance. Notwithstanding this injunction, they were supplied with apparel and money by their compassionate neighbours: and left Damascus, rejoicing amidst their sufferings that their beloved Ganem was yet alive.

While these matters past at Damascus, Fetnah continued a close prisoner in the dark tower: where she ceased not to bewail the fate of her unfortunate deliverer. One night as the Caliph was returning from an evening perambulation, he passed by the dark tower, and overheard Fetnah lamenting her situation. She bewailed the ruin of Ganem, and deprecated the wrath of heaven from the Caliph; whom she charged in the most pointed terms with cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude.



This accident caused the Caliph to recollect himself. He sent for Fethali, and caused her to relate to him all that had befallen her. She dwelt much on the obligations she had to Ganim. She praised the respect with which he had always behaved. "I will not conceal from your majesty," continued she, "that at first he seemed desirous to devote himself to me: but as soon as he heard that I had the honour of being acceptable to you, he exclaimed, "that which belongs to the master is forbidden to the slave." From that moment his behaviour was agreeable to such an idea; assiduous, but distant and respectful. Notwithstanding which, you, commander of the faithful, know with what rigour you have treated him; and you will answer for it before the tribunal of God."

Though Haroun was violent in his passions; and sometimes gave himself up to their influence too hastily; yet he loved justice, and when calm, was open to conviction. He regretted exceedingly the severity he had exercised towards Ganim,

nem, and was not displeased with the frankness of Fetnah. 'At least,' said the humbled Prince, I will meet that awful appeal, with having made every reparation in my power, I will cause his pardon to be published throughout my dominions, and will amply repay his losses. This is due to his innocence, and to compensate for the miseries I have caused him and his family to suffer, I will give you to him for a wife; and make him wealthy beyond his hopes.'

Fetnah returned the Caliph thanks for his justice; after which she was permitted to return to the apartments she had formerly possessed in the palace; and she had the satisfaction to find there all the chests belonging to Ganem; which the Vizier had taken care to convey thither.

Proclamation was made all over the dominions of the Caliph, declaring the son of Abou Ayoub pardoned, and inviting him to return to Bagdad, and receive the bounty of his sovereign:

but a long time elapsed without any news of the young merchant. Fetnah became exceedingly unhappy on his account. Besides using every means of enquiry in her power, she went from mosque to mosque bestowing alms among the devotees, and soliciting their prayers.

One day, as she was talking with a Syndic to whom she had given a large sum to be distributed among the afflicted; he chanced to mention two women whom her bounty had enabled him to relieve when in a state of great distress. He spoke so much in their praise that Fetnah had a desire to see them. They were introduced to her; and she was so taken with their appearance that she enquired with great tenderness into the cause of that misery from which they had been rescued by the good Syndic.

‘Alas! Madam,’ replied the elder stranger, ‘a favourite of the Caliph, whose name is Fetnah, is the cause of all our misfortunes.’ These words were a thunderbolt to the lady, who was  
scarce



scarce able to suppress her emotion, while the stranger proceeded in her story, which announced her the mother of Ganem; and her fellow sufferer to be his sister, the lovely Alcolomb.

By the time she had finished her story, Fetnah was in some degree recovered. She embraced the parent of her lover. 'I am that Fetnah,' said she, 'who caused all your distresses, but I have it in my power to make you full amends.' She then related to them all that had befallen her and Ganem; and concluded with saying, that the Caliph was convinced of her son's innocence, and impatient to repair his wrongs. Having finished her narrative, she exchanged embraces with them, and they mutually vowed a lasting friendship.

When Fetnah was about to withdraw, the Syndic recommended to her benevolence a young man who had been just brought into his house, and seemed oppressed with sorrow, as well as illness. Fetnah, whose heart was more than  
ever

ever disposed to pity, by the affecting interview she had just had, wished to see him. On beholding him, laying on his bed, his eyes closed, his face pale and emaciated, she started, and thought that she discovered, amidst all this wretchedness, the countenance of her beloved Ganem. She called him so, but the sufferer regarded her not. Grieved and impatient, she exclaimed, 'How am I deceived! this cannot be Ganem; the son of Abou Ayoub, however sick, would know the voice of Fetnah.' At that name Ganem (for it was him) opened his eyes, and seeing his adored mistress, attempted to speak; but his joy was too great. He sunk into a swoon; and the condition to which Fetnah was reduced, convinced the Syndic it was necessary to remove her from the apartment of his patient.

It was not till several days after, when Ganem was much recovered, that the prudent Syndic would suffer another interview between the lovers. At length he permitted it; and having properly

properly prepared each party, he introduced to him also his mother and his sister. After the transports of their mutual joy had in some degree subsided, Ganem told them that having escaped to an inconsiderable village, not far from Bagdad, he had continued safe among the friendly peasants; but a sickness seizing him, caused by his grief and perturbation, which none of them could cure; they had sent him to Bagdad by the camel-driver, in whose hands the Syndic found him.

Ganem's mother then related all that had befallen her and Alcolomb. Even the presence of his beloved Eetnah could not prevent the young merchant from shedding tears at their sufferings. He expressed also his apprehensions lest they should fall into the hands of the furious Caliph. Eetnah presently removed those fears; but when she added that the commander of the faithful had determined to resign her to her lover, in compensation for his sufferings, the joy of Ganem was inexpressible.

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The Caliph was soon informed by Fetnah, that the victims of his former ungovernable rage were in his capital; the generous Prince rejoiced that he had at last an opportunity of making them a reparation. He desired Fetnah to lead the ladies to the palace privately; but ordered his officers of state to wait on Ganem, and conduct him to the palace, with all the marks of respect conferred on persons of the most honourable characters.

This ceremony over, Ganem was presented, together with his mother and sister to the Caliph. That Prince had the goodness to apologize to them for what had past. He gave Fetnah with his own hand, to her deserving lover. He dismissed Zobeide from his throne, and banished her his presence, to punish her cruelty and treachery, and in her room, received to his arms the lovely Alcolomb; whose beauty was adorned with good qualities still more estimable.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ZEYN ALASNAM,  
AND THE KING OF THE GENII.

A King of Balfora, who possessed great wealth and was beloved by his subjects, had no children, which was a great affliction to him. He therefore made presents to all the holy persons in his dominions, to engage them to beg of heaven to grant him a son. Their prayers proved effectual. The Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, who was named Zeyn Alasnam, which signifies, ornament of the statues.

The King called all the Astrologers of the kingdom to calculate the infant's nativity. They found he would live long, and be very brave; but that all his courage would be little enough to support him through certain difficulties that threatened him. The King was not dismayed at this prediction. 'My son,' said he, 'is not to be pitied, since he will be brave. It is fit that Princes should have a taste of misfortunes: adversity

verfity tries virtue, and thence they become the fitter to reign.

As Zeyn grew up, he difcovered a very good difpofition; and by the care of his father, acquired every accomplifhment. He had nearly attained the age of manhood when the good old King fell fick, and died.

Zeyn was much afflicted at the death of his father, whom he fincerely loved; but time moderating his grief, he began to enjoy the pleasures of a throne. He entered into all the follies and vices, which fo often miflead young men. He was furrounded with parasites. He lavifhed his treasures on unworthy favourites, on whom he beftowed alfo the firft appointments in his kingdom: and they at once oppreffed, and infulted his people.

From this delufion he was awakened by two circumftances alike diftreffing, and difgraceful. He found his treasures diffipated, and his fubjects

ripe



ripe for a revolt. By dismissing his worthless companions, and wholly reforming his conduct, he appeased his people: but the waste of his wealth could not be recalled: and the recollection of his prodigality rendered him very unhappy.

While these thoughts had possession of his mind, he dreamt one night, that a venerable old man came towards him, and said, 'You know, Zeyn, that joy and sorrow generally succeed each other. If you would put an end to your present affliction, get up: set out for Egypt; go to grand Cairo, a greater fortune attends you there, than that you have lately dissipated.

The Prince, when he awoke in the morning, reflected on his dream very seriously. He resolved at length to set out for Cairo. This determination made it necessary to commit the government of the kingdom to his mother, who tried in vain, by serious argument, and by ridicule to stop his journey on so chimerical a business;

ness; but the appearance of the old man had made so great an impression on Zeyn, that he was fully persuaded his dream was supernatural. Having therefore disposed of his affairs, he set out one night, very privately, and took the road to Cairo, without suffering any person to attend him.

After much fatigue he arrived at that famous city. Being spent with weariness he lay down at the gate of a mosque, and fell asleep; when he saw the same old man; who said to him, 'I am well pleased, my son, that you have given credit to my words. I have put you on this long journey to try if you had resolution. I find you deserve I should make you the richest man in the world. Return to Balsora, and you shall find immense wealth in your palace.'

The Prince was not well pleased with this dream. He determined to return immediately, and rejoiced that he had kept his journey a secret from every body but the Queen, his mother.

When

when he arrived at his palace, that discreet Princeſs did not reprove, or laugh at him, but rather conſoled him under his diſappointment; and adviſed him to abſtain from all exceſſes in future, and turn his thoughts to the good order of his kingdom, and the happineſs of his ſubjects.

Zeyn was much relieved by this converſation. He retired to reſt: when he again ſaw the old man in a dream, who ſaid to him, ‘ the time of your proſperity is now come, brave Zeyn. As ſoon as you riſe in the morning, take a pick-axe, and dig in your father’s cloſet; you will there find immenſe treaſure.

In the morning he haſtened to the Queen’s apartment, and with much earneſtneſs told her his new dream. His mother, finding he again placed confidence in the viſion, laughed at him. ‘ Go,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ ſearch your father’s cloſet diligently, one comfort is, that work is not ſo toiliſome as a journey to Egypt.’



The young man withdrew, abashed. He went notwithstanding to the late King's closet, and shutting himself in, removed the pavement. He proceeded to dig till he not only fatigued himself, but began to despair: when he discovered a stone, and under it a door, which covered a staircase of white marble. He descended into a room, in each corner of which there stood ten large urns of porphyry stone. The Prince supposed they were full of wine, but on examining them, was agreeably surprised to find they all contained gold coin; a handful of which he carried to the Queen. •

That Princess was astonished at this account. Zeyn, conducted her to the chamber where the urns were; and as she was observing every thing with attention, she espied a very small urn of the same stone, which the Prince had not taken notice of. On searching it, they found only a small gold key. ‘My son,’ said the Queen, ‘this key certainly will lead us to some other treasure.

Let

Let us look about; perhaps we may discover the use it is designed for.'

After a diligent search they discovered a key-hole in one of the pannels of the wainscoat. Zeyn tried the key, which opened a door that led to another chamber, in which were nine pedestals of massy gold. On eight of these stood statues as large as life, each formed of an entire diamond of the most admirable workmanship. The ninth pedestal redoubled their amazement. It was covered with a piece of white satin, on which were these words: 'My son, it caused me much toil to get these statues; they are, as you see, exquisitely beautiful, and of immense value. But know, there is a ninth which surpasses them all; that alone is worth more than a thousand such as these. Would you obtain this inestimable jewel, go to Cairo; and submit yourself to the instruction of an old slave of mine, named Morabec, whom you will find without difficulty.'

Zeyn instantly declared his intention of going in search of this jewel, and the Queen now applauded his determination. Having secured the treasure they had found, the Prince made ready his equipage; and, attended by a few slaves, set off for Cairo.

He soon found Morabec, who lived in great splendour. Zeyn related to him all that had befallen him; which, when Morabec had heard, he fell at his feet; 'I am convinced,' said he, 'from your account, that you are the son of my royal master: and as I never received my freedom from him, I, and all that I possess are yours.' I now, replied Zeyn, give you your freedom, and renounce all right to your wealth. I ask in return, that you will zealously assist me, till I have gained the ninth statue.'

Morabec gratefully acknowledged the Prince's generosity, and promised to attend him. 'The enterprize,' said he, 'will abound with danger, and fatigue. Repose yourself here, for some time,



time, and we will then undertake it.' Zeyn reluctantly complied: but after a very little while he became impatient. 'I came not to Cairo,' said he, to his friend, 'to indulge myself in rest and amusements; but to obtain the ninth statue.' Morabec praised his spirited disposition, and ordered a proper equipage to be got ready: the Prince and he then performed an ablution, and the prayer which is called Farz; after which they set out.

After several days travelling, they arrived at a delicious grove, where Morabec caused the whole company to alight. Zeyn and he, delivered their horses to the care of their attendants, whom they ordered to wait their return. They set forward on foot, and as they proceeded, Morabec cautioned the Prince to call forth all his courage. 'We are now,' said he, 'approaching the dreadful place where the ninth statue is kept, and shall very soon come to a lake. When we draw near the banks of it, you will see a boat approach, which is enchanted, and belongs to the

King of the Genii. We shall be taken into this boat, and ferried over the lake ; but you must be careful not to express the least fear at the sight of the waterman, however hideous he may be ; nor must you utter a single word, while we are embarked, or the boat will instantly sink.

Zeyn promised an exact obedience to these injunctions. They presently came to the lake, and found the boat ready to receive them. It was made of red sanders, had a mast of amber, and a satin flag ; but the waterman was monstrous and terrible. He had the head of an elephant, and the body of a tyger. Zeyn drew near him with great intrepidity. He lifted the Prince first, and the Morabec into the boat, with his trunk ; conveyed them over the lake in a moment ; and putting them on shore in the same manner, immediately vanished.

‘ Now,’ said Morabec, ‘ we may talk : I congratulate you on that fortitude, and self-command, which you have displayed, and for which  
you

you will soon have still greater occasion. We are now on an island which belongs to the King of the Genii. Look around you, and enjoy as we go forward the surpassing beauties of this delightful place. Zeyn saw with admiration, the enchanting prospect. The fields were finely disposed, and adorned with all sorts of odoriferous plants and flowers; the trees were laden with the most delicious fruit; the air was uncommonly soft and pleasant; and the harmonious songs of numberless birds, many of which were peculiar to that island, enlivened the beautiful scenes around them. The Prince, though very greatly pleased with what he beheld, urged his companion to hasten forward on the great business they had undertaken.

At length they came to a palace built of emeralds; before the gate, which was of massy gold, there stood a company of Genii, who guarded the entrance with clubs of China steel. The sight of these terrific centinels did not in the least check the ardour of the Prince: He was



pressing forward, when Morabec caught him by the hand, and told him that something more than human virtues or talents was now necessary. He then drew from a purse, four long stripes of yellow taffety; one he put about his middle, and the other on his back: giving the remaining two to the Prince, who did the same with them. Morabec then spread two large cloths on the ground; and sprinkling the borders of them with precious stones, musk, and amber, he seated himself in the midst of one of them; and directed Zeyn to place himself in the same manner on the other. 'I will now,' said he, 'conjure the King of the Genii, who lives in the palace before us, that he may come to us peaceably. I am not without apprehension, as to the reception he may choose to give us. If our coming here is displeasing to him, he will appear in the shape of a horrible monster: in which case you must sit still, and keep an entire silence, not suffering the least sound to escape you. If he is favourably disposed towards us, he will come in the shape of a handsome young man. You will then, as soon

soon as he appears, rise and salute him, with all possible respect; and tell him the business which brings you hither. But take especial care not to step off your cloth, or you will certainly perish."

Morabec, having thus instructed the Prince, began his conjuration. Immediately their eyes were dazzled with a flash of lightning, which was followed by most tremendous thunder: the whole island was covered with a hideous darkness: a storm of wind blew: a dreadful cry was heard: and the island was shaken by an earthquake, such as Asrafyel is to cause on the day of Judgment.

The steady soul of the Prince was a little startled at these awful appearances; which he began to consider as very ill omens. Morabec perceived what passed in his mind, and assured him that all was well. At that instant the King of the Genii appeared, as a very handsome man; yet there was a sternness in his air.

As soon as Prince Zeyn had paid his compliments, and related what he came in search of, the King of the Genii, smiling, answered, 'my son, I loved your father, and have no less kindness for you. The statues you found were presented to him by me; and I promised him to receive you into my protection. I caused him to write a few days before he died, that which you read on the piece of white satin. I appeared to you in your dreams as an old man: and have been the cause of all that hath happened to you. I intend to give you what you seek, if you prove worthy of it: and the test must be this. You must engage, on your oath, to find out a maid in her fifteenth year, who has never known man, nor desired to do so. She must be perfectly beautiful: and you, so much master of yourself, as not even to wish to deprive me of her: but you must yourself conduct her hither.'

Prince Zeyn took without hesitation, the oath that was to required him. 'But, Sir,' said he, 'how shall I know when I have met with such a maid.'



a maid.'—'It is true,' replied the King of the Genii, 'that knowledge is above the sons of Adam. Take therefore this looking glass; if on the maiden looking at it, it appears sullied, it will be a certain sign, that she has not been always undefiled; or, at least, that she has wished to cease being so. You have now a certain criterion. Be diligent in your search, and forget not the oath you have taken; but fulfil it, as becomes a man of honour.'

The King of the Genii having delivered the mirror to Zeyn, gave him and Morabec permission to depart. They returned to the lake. The waterman, with the elephant's head, brought his boat, and ferried them over. They joined their servants, and returned to Cairo.

When the Prince had rested a few days, he began to apply himself diligently to perform his engagement with the King of the Genii. By the assistance of an intriguing old woman, whom Morabec introduced to him, Zeyn obtained access

cess to all the beautiful young women in the court, and city of Cairo. He saw many, of the most exquisite beauty; but when he consulted his mirror, that fatal touchstone of their virtue, it always appeared sullied.

Zeyn, thus disappointed, resolved to seek elsewhere for that purity which was not to be found in Cairo. He travelled to Bagdad, attended by Morabec; and, as he wished to be much known, to forward his enquiries, he took a handsome palace, and lived in splendour.

There resided in that quarter of the city an Iman, whose name was Boubekir, a vain, haughty, envious old man; he hated the rich only because he was poor; and, under the appearance of an austere and rigid virtue, he indulged his ill-nature in railing at the luxury of those who were in prosperous circumstances. By this hypocrisy, and by often haranguing the people, when in the mosque, he had acquired considerable influence, which he used with  
much

much art, to gratify the malignity of his disposition.

The magnificence of Prince Zeyn soon rendered him obnoxious to this Iman, which was increased by the Prince taking no notice of him. Boubekir took an opportunity of addressing the people, one evening after prayers; and by sly insinuations, and charges half suppressed, he irritated them against the spendthrift stranger, as he called him. He hinted the necessity of giving notice to the council of Zeyn's manner of living, lest, if any thing should be proved against him, the Caliph should be displeased with their inattention. In short, he so cajoled the assembly, that they agreed to present a memorial against Zeyn to the council; and gave directions to Boubekir to prepare it.

Fortunately Morabec was at prayers, and, remaining unnoticed among the crowd, he heard all that passed. He immediately hastened home; and, putting five hundred pieces of gold into a  
purse,



purse, he went to the house of the Iman. Boubekir received him with his usual austerity, and surlily asked what he wanted? 'Doctor,' replied Morabec, with an obliging air, and at the same time putting the purse into his hand, 'I am your neighbour, and your servant; I come from Prince Zeyn, who lives just by; he has heard of your worth, and desires the pleasure of your acquaintance.' As soon as the purse reached the hand of the Iman, his rigour melted away. 'Be pleased, Sir,' said he, 'to beg the Prince's pardon for me; I am ashamed I have not yet been to wait on him, but I will atone for that fault to-morrow.'

Next day, after morning-prayer, Boubekir said to the assembly, 'You know, brethren, that no man is without enemies; and that envy always pursues the fortunate and meritorious. The stranger I spoke to you about yesterday, is no ill man, as some malicious people would have persuaded me; but a young prince, possessed of many virtues. It would be dangerous, as  
well

well as indecent, for us to make a bad report of him to the Caliph.'

Boubekir having thus done away the unfavourable impresson he had himself made on the people, concerning Zeyn, waited on the Prince, who gave him a courteous reception. Morabec, judging that such a busy man was likely to know the character of his fellow-citizens, advised Zeyn to acquaint the Iman with the search he was making; nor was he mistaken. When Boubekir heard the relation he cried, out, 'that if there was such a virgin in the world, he knew her.' In fact, the Iman, now become Zeyn's zealous adherent, introduced the Prince to a young lady, the daughter of a Vizier, whose beauty astonished the young King of Balsora; and, on pulling out his mirror, to try if the maid was as chaste as fair, he had the satisfaction to find it remained unfullied.

Zeyn Having at last succeeded in his difficult search, demanded the young lady of her father

in marriage. The Vizier gladly consented: the nuptials were celebrated with splendour. Zeyn loaded his new father-in-law with the most costly presents; nor was Boubekir forgotten. When the company were dismissed, Morabec advised his master to set out immediately for Cairo, and to proceed with all diligence to the island of the King of the Genii.

Zeyn did not listen to this advice with his usual complacency. Morabec found him strangely balancing whether he should keep his engagement with that King, or conduct his charming bride to Balsora, in defiance of him. In vain Morabec pleaded the value of the ninth statue, which would reward his fidelity: in vain he described the power of the King, and cautioned the Prince to dread the consequences of his disobedience. The charms of the lovely virgin had taken too full possession of his heart, for him to be allured by avarice, or intimidated by danger; and the thought of sacrificing her to a Genius, oppressed him with grief and indignation.

But



But to the call of honour, and to the sanctity of an oath, Zeyn could not refuse to listen: Morabec pointed out these obligations, and adjured the Prince to subdue his passions, and fulfil his engagement. 'Well then,' exclaimed he, 'I yield to these cruel obligations: let us set out with all haste for this fatal island: and do you conceal the lovely maid from my sight. Perhaps I have already seen too much of her.'

They set out accordingly, Zeyn carefully refraining from the sight of his bride all the way. On their arrival at the island, it became necessary to acquaint the young lady with her destination. The grief and despair she expressed, on receiving the information, was a new and severe trial of the Prince's fortitude. He persevered notwithstanding, and presented her to the King of the Genii. The sovereign of spirits, having gazed at her for some time very earnestly, ordered his attendants to convey her into the castle, and turning to Zeyn, who could scarcely conceal his distress, the King commended his integrity and re-

solution. 'I am,' said he, 'fully satisfied with your behaviour. Return to your dominions; and when you enter the subterraneous room, where the eight statues are, you shall find the ninth, which I promised you.'

Zeyn coldly thanked the King of the Genii; and having taken leave of him, returned to Balfora. He approached his capital, overwhelmed with affliction for the loss of his bride; and unceasingly condemning himself, for having been the cause of her misfortune.

On his arrival he went directly to give his mother an account of his journey. She was in raptures to hear he had obtained the ninth statue. 'Let us go, my son,' said she, 'and see it immediately; no doubt it is already in the chamber under ground, since the King of the Genii promised you should find it there.'

Though Zeyn's desire of possessing the ninth statue was much abated, or rather forgotten, through

through his excessive grief; yet he had too much respect for his mother to delay attending her to the subterraneous apartment; but how great was their wonder, when, instead of a diamond statue, they found on the ninth pedestal, a most beautiful virgin, whom the Prince knew to be the same he had conducted to the island of the Genii! before they could recover their surprise, a loud clap of thunder shook the palace, and the King of the Genii appeared before them.

Zeyn's mother was much terrified, but the King soon dispelled her fear. 'Madam,' said he to her, 'I protect and love your son; yet it was proper I should try whether he deserved my partiality, before I gave him the best gift in my power. I had the pleasure to find him possessed of many, and great virtues; and though I know he did not punctually keep his word with me, I am too well acquainted with the frailty of human nature, to wonder that the charms of this beautiful virgin made him waver in his fidelity.'—Then turning to the Prince, he said, 'Live  
K 2 happy,



happy, Zeyn, with this young lady, who is your wife, love her, and her only, and I will be answerable for her fidelity. This—this is the ninth statue, which I designed for you, and it is infinitely more precious than all the rest: for be assured there is nothing on earth to be compared in value with a virtuous and lovely woman.'

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THE HISTORY OF CODADAD, AND HIS  
BROTHERS.

There reigned formerly, in the city of Haran, a King called Zaphnah. He was beloved by his subjects, and wanted nothing to complete his happiness but an heir. Though he had many of the finest women in his seraglio, yet he was destitute of children. He continually prayed to Heaven for them; and one night the prophet appeared to him in his sleep, and said, 'Zaphnah, thy prayers are heard, and thou hast obtained thy desires.

Go

Go into thy garden, when thou wakest; gather a pomegranate, and eat as many seeds as thou chusest, and thy wishes shall be accomplished.' .

In the morning the King obeyed these directions. Having returned thanks to Heaven, he went into the garden, where he took fifty pomegranate seeds, which he counted and eat. Zaphnah had fifty wives, who all of them shortly after proved with child; though one of them named Pirouze shewed no appearance of it. The King was so disgusted with her on this account, that he determined to put her to death. But his Vizier, who had great influence over him, and was very humane, interceded so strongly for her, that Zaphnah suffered himself to be overcome. 'Her barrenness,' said he, 'is a mark of the displeasure of Heaven. Let her live; but let her depart my court. My cousin, the Prince of Samaria shall receive her. If she is with child, let me know it on her delivery; if not, let me never hear her name again.'

Pirouze was sent accordingly to the court of Samaria. In due time the other nine and forty ladies were each delivered of a prince, and while Zaphnah was rejoicing at these events, news arrived that Pirouze had also produced a son, whose beauty the Prince of Samaria praised in the highest terms.

Though Zaphnah was much pleased at the birth of his fiftieth son, yet being ashamed of the severity with which he had treated his mother, he determined not to recall her to Harran. He sent her compliments of congratulation; but at the same time desired his cousin would give the child the name of Codadad, and carefully superintend his education; sufficiently shewing by these orders, that he did not intend soon to recall Pirouze and her son to his court.

The Prince of Samaria performed his office with the greatest attention. Codadad, under his tuition, became one of the most accomplished of Princes. As he grew up, he began to be im-

patient



patient to visit his father's court, and finding, when he had reached his eighteenth year, that Zaphnah expressed no desire to see him; he threw himself at his mother's feet, and besought her permission to go to Harran. 'I will present myself,' said he, 'to my royal father, without discovering myself to him. I will offer him my services; possibly I may be so fortunate as to merit his esteem; and he will then receive me as his son without reluctance.'

Pirouze approved of his resolution, and Codadad left Samaria accordingly. When he arrived at the city of Harran, he offered his services to the King. Zaphnah, struck with his appearance, and perhaps moved by a natural sympathy in his favour, readily accepted of them. It was not long before Codadad had an opportunity to signalize his bravery in such a manner, as to gain the high approbation of the King, and the applause of the whole army; nor were his other talents less conspicuous. Zaphnah's affection for him increased daily. He admired his

discourse, ever full of wit and wisdom ; and at length, to shew how much he approved of his admirable talents, he appointed the young stranger governor of his forty-nine sons, though he was apparently of the same age with themselves.

The Princes had before seen with a jealous eye the progress Codadad daily made in their father's favour. This appointment encreased their envy and hatred. They received him with the appearance of respect ; but had already planned his destruction.

After a few days, they came together to their new governor, and requested his permission to take a day's hunting ; resolving to go to some other city, and stay there, in hope that their father would revenge their supposed loss on his new favourite, and put him to death. Codadad granted their request ; but was much surprised to find that none of them returned in the evening. His alarm encreased when the next day, and the day following passed, and the princes  
still

still continued absent. On the fourth day the king enquired of Codadad where his sons were? and why he had not seen them for several days? The unfortunate governor was obliged to tell the truth. Zaphnah, as the princes had foreseen, was exceedingly enraged. 'Is it thus, indiscreet stranger,' said he, 'that you begin to discharge the important trust I have committed to you? Go, find my sons immediately, or expect to feel the utmost weight of my resentment.'

Codadad, though much afflicted, thought himself fortunate to have escaped so well out of the king's presence. He went home, and having armed himself, and put on the disguise of a shepherd, he left the city, and set forwards in search of his brothers.

After many days spent in vain, he arrived at a plain of great extent, in the middle of which was a palace of black marble. When he drew near, he saw at one of the windows, a most beautiful



beautiful lady, who was evidently in great affliction. As soon as she saw him, she called out, saying, 'alas, young man! get away as fast as possible from this fatal place, or you will fall into the hands of the monster who inhabits it. A cruel black giant, who feeds chiefly on human flesh, resides in this palace: he seizes on all persons whose ill fortune conducts them to this plain, and shuts them up in his dark dungeon; from whence they are never let out, but to be devoured by him.'

Codadad was very earnest to know who his fair informer was, and whether he could not release her out of the castle. 'I fell into the hands of this barbarian yesterday only,' replied she. 'He destroyed my servants, but saved me, I fear, for a more dreadful fate. You, generous stranger, can yield me no assistance. Fly with all speed: the monster is not far off; and you will be fortunate if your utmost haste can save you.'

She

She had scarce uttered these words when the black appeared. He was a man of enormous size, and dreadful aspect, mounted on a mighty Tartar horse, and wore such a large and weighty scymitar, that no one but himself could use it. The prince was a good deal startled at his appearance, but drew his scymitar, and stood upon his defence. The giant, despising so weak an adversary, called out to him to surrender, with a mixture of real scorn and affected gentleness : but Codadad soon convinced him he was no despicable enemy ; for running briskly up to him, he gave him a violent cut on the knee. The black, feeling himself wounded, gave such a dreadful shriek as made all the plain resound. He grew enraged, foamed at the mouth, and raising himself in his stirrups, struck at Codadad with his dreadful scymitar, which must have destroyed him, if he had not with great dexterity avoided it. The scymitar made a great hissing in the air ; but before the giant could recover himself, the prince aimed a noble blow at his right arm, and cut it off. The scymitar fell  
with

with the hand that held it ; and the giant, losing his seat through the extremity of the pain, made the earth quake with his fall. Codadad ran up to him, and completed the victory by chopping off his enemy's head. The lady, who had been a spectator of the combat, seeing the giant destroyed, gave a shout for joy ; and then called out to the conqueror to search the pockets of the slain, and secure the keys of the castle.

Codadad having followed her advice, opened the first door, where the lady met him, and would have embraced his knees for her deliverance, but he prevented her. He had now leisure to contemplate her beauty ; and was rejoiced that he had been able to do so essential a service to so lovely a woman. Their conversation was interrupted by dismal cries and groans. Codadad looked round to find whence they proceeded, when the lady, pointing to a little door, said, ' There is the place where a number of unhappy men are confined, who were destined for the food of the cruel wretch you have de-

stroyed.



stroyed. Every day he drew out one to be devoured.' 'It is an addition to my joy,' replied the prince, 'that I am the means of saving so many unfortunate persons from such a dreadful end. Come with me, madam, and share in the pleasure of giving them their liberty.'

Codadad and the lady went accordingly to the little door, when the prince put a key into the lock, which proved to be a wrong one. All the prisoners, supposing it was the giant, sent forth groans and lamentations. Codadad made haste to change the key, and having opened the door, descended amongst them. He began to unchain those who were nearest to him, and made them understand that he had slain their enemy, and was come to set them free. As the report spread among the prisoners, shouts of a very different nature rent the cavern. Those first unchained set free others, and in a very little time they were all at liberty; and leaving the dungeon, ascended joyfully to light and life.

When

When they were come into the court, they returned thanks to their deliverer, in terms becoming those who had received so great a benefit. Codadad's joy was unbounded when he found among the prisoners, the nine and forty princes his brothers. He embraced them with the sincerest affection ; not without anxiety till he found every one of them was safe : and they, on their part, gave their deliverer all the praises he deserved.

The slaves of the giant, when they found their master was slain, fled away through by-ways, known only to themselves. Codadad found the castle filled with the wealth the giant had plundered from the caravans. All this treasure he divided among the prisoners, who found horses and camels in the stables sufficient to carry away the merchandize ; and having again returned thanks to their generous benefactor, every man set forward on his return home.

When

When they were gone, Codadad asked the lady what place she designed to go to ; offering to conduct her wherever she chose. ‘ I am, replied she, ‘ of a country far remote from hence ; and must own to you I have left that country for ever. After the obligations I owe you, Sir,’ said she, addressing herself to Codadad, ‘ I will not conceal my situation from you. I am a king’s daughter. An usurper has possessed himself of my father’s throne, after having murdered him ; and I have been forced to fly for my life.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCESS OF DERY-  
ABAR.

There is in a certain island, a great city called Deryabar. It was long governed by a potent and virtuous king, whose daughter I am.

Not many years after my birth, as he was hunting, he espied a wild ass, which he chaced. Being an eager sportsman, he outrode his company, and pursued his game alone till night drew



drew on. He then alighted, and took shelter at the edge of a wood. When it became dark, he discovered a fire at some distance among the trees, which made him conclude some village was not far off. But he found the light proceeded from a large fire, kindled in an open hut, in which sat a dreadful giant. He had a large pitcher of wine before him, and was roasting a bullock whole, from which he now and then cut slices and eat them. In another part of the hut there sat a beautiful woman, seemingly absorbed in grief; her hands were bound, and at her feet lay a child of two or three years old.

My father contemplated this scene with indignation; but the Giant was evidently too powerful to be coped with by him alone, and no other means of delivering the prisoners occurred to him at that moment. While he meditated on these matters, the Giant having emptied the pitcher, and devoured about half of the bullock, turned to the women and said, ‘ why will you, beautiful Princess, oblige me to treat you with so much severity ?

feverity? It is in your power to be happy. If you will but receive and return my love, I will——’  
‘Hideous satyr,’ interrupted the lady, ‘I shall never cease to abhor you. You will always be a monster in my eyes.’ She added so many reproaches, that the giant grew enraged. ‘This is too much,’ cried he in a furious tone; ‘your hatred, madam, has produced mine. I will no longer solicit your favours, but will punish your insults by depriving you of life.’ Having said this, he drew his scymitar, and would undoubtedly have put his threats in execution, if my father had not let fly an arrow, which pierced the giant’s breast, so that he dropt down dead.

My father entered the hut, and unbound the lady’s hands; who returned him abundant thanks for his timely deliverance. In answer to his enquiries, she told him, that she was the wife of a captain of a band of Saracens, who inhabited the sea coast. ‘This wretch, continued she, was one of his principal officers. He fell desperately in love with me, which he took care

conceal, till an opportunity offered, a few days ago, to seize me and my child. To avoid pursuit, he penetrated far into the country; and though he ceased not continual solicitations, yet he never offered me any violence till this moment, when it pleased heaven to deliver me from him by your means.'

'My father said every thing in his power to comfort the lady. The next day, being fortunately joined by some of his retinue, he conducted her and her child to the court of Deryabar. He immediately sent a messenger to the country of the Saracens, to acquaint the captain that his wife and her son were in safety. This messenger staying longer than was expected, several others were dispatched at different times; but none of them ever returned. My father therefore determined to send no more; but to bring up the boy with care, and take the lady into his protection; with which she was well satisfied.'

That



‘ That boy, that ungrateful viper, was the cause of all my misfortunes. As we were near of an age, and my father always shewed great kindness to him, he took it into his head, when he arrived at manhood, that his protector intended to give me to him for a wife. For a while he waited in hope his patron would meet his wishes; during which time he took pains to ingratiate himself with all ranks of people; and when he found that he had formed to himself a considerable party, and that my father talked of giving me to a neighbouring prince, he threw off the mask, and boldly demanded my hand in marriage.

‘ My father, who was now grown old, restrained his indignation at the young man’s insolence, and contented himself with giving him a flat denial. The vain fellow forgot his obligations to his preserver. He considered this refusal as a mortal affront, and giving way to his indignation, he determined on revenge. He put himself on a sudden at the head of his partizans;

cruelly murdered his venerable benefactor; and caused himself to be proclaimed king of Deryabar. His next care was to have seized me; but the grand Vifier, a faithful old servant, finding it impossible to make head against the usurper, hurried me from the palace aboard a ship that was ready to sail, and delivered me out of his hands.

‘The grand Vifier intended to have carried me to the court of the prince who was to have been my husband, not doubting but he would be easily excited to expel the traitor, and revenge my father’s death. But providence did not grant success to a resolution we thought so just. A violent storm drove our ship about for many days. At last she bulged on a rock. In the horror of my situation I lost my senses, and I can only tell you, that when I recovered I found myself thrown on the shore, on a part of the wreck. Every one else on board, I have no doubt, perished in the sea.

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In this situation I was found by the king of the country, who chanced to be riding that way. Every assistance was given to me, and when I had recovered, and related my story, the king, who was much taken with me, frankly offered to make me amends for the throne I had lost by sharing his own with me.

‘The king was young and amiable; and though my illness and affliction had prevented my having received any great impression from him, gratitude compelled me to accept his offer. Preparations were making for our nuptials, when in the midst of this joyful bustle, a neighbouring prince made a descent by night upon the island, and threw every body into confusion. The king ordered his troops to be got together, intending to put himself at their head; but being anxious for my preservation, he hastened first with me into a boat, intending to land me on a small island adjoining, and to return immediately. Unfortunately the current and the wind set strongly from the shore, so that in a



short time we were driven out to sea, without hope of recovering the island.

‘In this distress we thought ourselves fortunate when we espied a ship coming towards us; but we soon found our mistake. The crew consisted of a dozen armed pirates. They bound the king in a chain, and then being attracted by my youth and beauty, each claimed me for himself. The dispute ran so high, that they proceeded to blows. They fought till only one remained alive; who having thrown overboard the bodies of his companions, came up to me, and said, ‘you are now mine; be not alarmed. I have no design to take any liberties with your person, which I here vow to hold sacred.’ I was greatly rejoiced at this unexpected declaration. ‘Ah, Sir,’ said I, ‘complete your generosity by unbinding my husband, and setting us on shore.’ I was about to have declared who he was, but the pirate rising hastily, caught hold of the prince, and threw him, bound as he was, into the sea.

At

‘At this terrible event I swooned away; and when I recovered would have jumped overboard after the Prince, if the pirate had not prevented me. He then explained to me the motive of that promise which I had so unfortunately attributed to virtue and honour. ‘I intend,’ said he, ‘to take you to Cairo, and present you to a great Emir, my patron, to whom I have long promised a beautiful female slave. Have I not then acted kindly by your husband? would not his affliction have been insupportable to have seen you in the arms of my friend?’

‘Expostulation was in vain. I had only to comfort myself that his attachment to his patron secured me from personal insult. We landed soon after; the pirate purchased camels and slaves, and set off with me for Cairo.

‘We had been several days on the road, when yesterday, as we were crossing this plain, the black giant whom you have just slain surprised us. Having destroyed the pirate and his slaves,

he brought me to the castle and invited me to receive his embraces; but finding me more dead than alive from terror, he desisted from his entreaties, and gave me till this evening to reconcile myself to his proposal: Fortunately for me, you, gallant Prince, have extricated me from a situation worse than death.'

When the Princess had ended the recital of her adventures, the Princes all joined in condoling her misfortunes, and Codadad offered to receive her as his wife. The Princess, had not seen him with indifference: she accepted his proposal; and as the palace of the giant abounded with every necessary, they reposed themselves there for several days; after which, they set out for the court of Zaphnah.

When they were within one day's journey of Harran, and had halted for the evening, Codadad called the Princes together, and said, 'I have too long concealed from you who I am. Behold your



your brother Codadad, the son of Pirouze !” Having said this, he embraced them all, and each of them expressed much satisfaction at the discovery ; but very different were the sentiments of these unworthy and unnatural brothers. At night, when Codadad and the Princess were retired to rest, they met together, and one of them addressing the rest, said, ‘ you remember how much our father preferred and cherished this dangerous rival of ours, even while he thought him a stranger, what must we expect now, when he proves to be our brother ? what ! when he can boast of having destroyed a giant, whom all of us together were forced to submit to ? will not the very relief he gave us, become an argument to prefer him before us all ?’ These considerations had occurred to every one of them. They went to the tent of Codadad, who was fast asleep, and stabbed him in a thousand places ; after which, they pursued their journey to Harran, where they arrived the next day, and were joyfully received by their father, who had despaired of ever seeing them again.

Codadad

Codadad, mean time, lay in his tent without signs of life. The Princess concluded he was dead, and rent the air with her cries, lamenting the fate of her husband and deliverer; and adjuring the vengeance of Heaven on his murderers. After much and vehement sorrow, she cast her eyes on Codadad, and perceived that he breathed a little. It was morning, and she saw a large town at a distance. As she had no slave, she determined to leave her husband, and hasten thither for assistance. She returned to the tent with a surgeon; but when they arrived there they could not find Codadad. They concluded he had been devoured by wild beasts. The Princess was inconsolable. The surgeon took pity on her, and conducted her to his own house, where though he knew not her rank, he treated her with all imaginable respect.

When she was a little composed, she related to her host all that had befallen her. When she had finished her story, 'You do not well, Madam,' said the surgeon, "to give way thus to  
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an unavailing sorrow. You owe more to the memory of your princely husband. It is your duty to revenge him. Let me attend you as your squire to the King of Harran's court; nor fear but he will do you justice.'

The Princess of Deryabar, roused by these considerations from a torpid sorrow, followed the advice of her host; and attended by him, arrived at the city of Harran. The surgeon lodged the Princess in a caravanfera; and went out to enquire diligently after news. He learnt that Pirouze, not hearing of her son, had left Samaria, and come to Harran in search of him. That the King before her arrival, had concluded that Codadad had fled to some other country, to escape his resentment; but when he knew from Pirouze that the gallant and accomplished stranger, was his other son, he had caused diligent enquiry to be made after him in all the adjoining kingdoms; and had ordered public prayers to be put up in all the mosques for the safe and speedy return of his son.

Pirouze



Pirouze regularly attended these devotions, and gave alms at the principal mosque. The surgeon, having become acquainted with these particulars, went the next day to the mosque; and stepping up to one of her slaves, he whispered 'Brother, I have a secret of moment to impart to the Princess Pirouze; may not I, by your means be brought to her apartment?' The slave no sooner learnt that this secret related to Codadad, than he entreated the surgeon to return with them to the palace; and as soon as they arrived there, he introduced him to Pirouze. He related to her every thing he had been told by the Princess of Deryabar, and told her where that lady was to be found. When the surgeon was withdrawn, Pirouze and her attendants resigned themselves to grief for the unhappy fate of Codadad. In the midst of this distress, Zaphnah entered her apartments. Pirouze, with many lamentations, repeated the surgeon's account. It was too circumstantial for the King to doubt its truth. Having condoled with the unhappy mother on their mutual loss, he withdrew

drew, not more oppressed with sorrow, than shaken with indignation.

It was the hour of public audience. Zaphnah entered the council-chamber with so much anger in his countenance, that the courtiers and people who attended with petitions were alarmed. Every man's heart failed him for fear. Having ascended the throne, the King called for the grand Vizier. 'Take,' said he, 'this instant, a thousand of my guards, and seize all the Princes, my sons; shut them up in the tower appointed for murderers; see that not one of them escape.' All who were present trembled at this strange command. The Vizier laid his hand upon his head to express his obedience, and withdrew to execute his orders. The King then dismissed the assembly with a declaration that he would do no business for a month to come.

The grand Vizier having secured the Princes, was directed by his master to conduct the Princess of Deryabar and her squire to the palace; and at  
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the same time to proclaim who she was, and in what manner his sons had incurred his displeasure. The Princess and her attendants were led to court, amidst the acclamations of the people, by whom Codadad was much beloved, while every one uttered execrations against the envious and ungrateful brothers, who had treated him so cruelly.

When the Princess of Deryabar had been introduced to Zaphnah and Pircuze, and had received their embraces, she demanded of the King justice on the murderers of her husband. ‘Yes, Madam,’ replied he, ‘those unnatural vipers shall suffer as they deserve; though by that stroke of justice, I must again become childless. Unfortunate Codadad!’ continued the wretched father, ‘we have not thy remains, yet we will not omit paying thee the last duties. At the close of which, those monsters shall atone for their guilt by forfeiting their lives.’

The



The King gave orders for a dome of white marble to be erected without the city, and every preparation to be made for celebrating the obsequies of Codadad in the most honourable manner. A figure resembling the prince was placed in it, and all the inhabitants of the city went out to assist at the ceremony. The King, his Vizier, and the principal persons of the court entered the dome, and sat down on carpets, made of black fatten, with gold borders. A great body of guards, hanging their heads, and looking down, drew up about the building, and marched round it thrice, observing a profound silence; at the third round they halted before the door; and all of them with a loud voice cried out, 'O prince, son of the king! could we by the power of the sword and human valour, any way retrieve your misfortune, we would bring you back to life. But the King of Kings hath commanded; and the angel of death hath obeyed.' Having uttered these words, they drew off, and made way for an hundred old men; all of them mounted on black mules, and wearing long grey beards.

These

These were anchorites, who had lived all their days concealed in caves. They never appeared in the sight of the world, but when they were to assist at the obsequies of the kings of Harran, or of princes of their family. Each of these venerable persons carried a book on his head, which he held with one hand. They took three turns round the dome, and then stopping before the door, one of them said, ‘O prince, what can we do for you? If you could be restored to life by prayers or learning, we would rub our grey beards at thy feet, and recite prayers; but the King of the Universe hath taken you away for ever.’

The old men withdrew to a distance from the dome, and fifty beautiful maids approached it; each of them mounted on a little white horse. They wore no veils, and carried gold baskets, full of all sorts of precious stones. They also rode three times round the dome: and halting at the same place as the others had done, the youngest of them spoke in the name of the rest, ‘O prince,  
once

once so beautiful ! What relief can you expect from us ? If we could restore you to life by our charms, we would become your slaves ; but you are no longer sensible to beauty, and have no more occasion for us."

When the young maids were withdrawn, the King and his courtiers arose ; and having walked three times round the figure resembling Codadad, the King spake as follows : ' O my dear son ! light of my eyes ! I have then lost you for ever ! ' These words were accompanied with many sighs and tears, the courtiers joining their master in paying this tribute to the Prince. The gate of the tomb was then shut, and all the people returned to the city. Suitable public prayers were repeated in all the mosques for eight days successively ; on the ninth the King had ordered the Princes, his sons, to be beheaded ; the scaffold was ready, but the execution was stopped by news arriving that some neighbouring Princes, who had before made war against the King of Harran, were approaching



the capital at the head of a numerous army. The King mustered his troops, and marching out of the city, prepared to receive his enemies.

On their approach, the citizens of Harran attacked them, and a desperate battle ensued. Victory, long doubtful, seemed at last to incline to the invaders; when a large body of horse appeared on the plain in good order, and drew near the two armies. Each party were alarmed, dreading a new enemy; but the matter was soon out of doubt; the horsemen fell upon the flank of the King of Harran's opponents, and gave them so furious a charge, that they decided the fortune of the day; a total rout ensued, in which the greater part of the invaders were put to the sword.

The King of Harran had much admired the gallantry of these unexpected allies, and the skill and intrepidity of their leader; and the battle being over, he hastened to thank him. The hero proved to be Codadad. Zaphnah became

came motionless with surprise and joy. When he recovered, he flew to the arms of his son, who received and returned his embrace with duty and affection.

Zaphnah left the army to the care of the Grand Vizier, and went immediately with his son to the palace: he there introduced to him Pirouze and the Princess of Deryabar; the joy of those illustrious persons, so dear to each other, may be better imagined than expressed.

Codadad told them, that a peasant, mounted on a mule, happening to pass by the tent, and seeing him alone, wounded, and senseless, had conveyed him to his house; where, by the application of certain herbs chewed, he recovered him. ‘Finding myself well,’ continued he, ‘I resolved to search every where for my beloved Princess; but as I heard of the attack which was meditating against my royal father, I determined first to assist him. I made myself known to the villagers; and having diligently trained a

body of them to arms, I had the good fortune to arrive with them at a time they were singularly useful.'

When he had finished his narrative, the King said, 'Let us be thankful to Heaven for this happy and unexpected meeting; but it shall not prevent the just punishment of those traitors, who meant to have destroyed their brother and deliverer; their intentions were not less wicked because they failed in the execution of them, nor shall their punishment be less severe.' 'Sir,' replied the generous Codadad, though they little deserve that honour, yet they are your own flesh and blood; they are my brothers; they have been sufficiently punished for their offence: I forgive them, and I entreat your Majesty to pardon them also.'

Pirouze and the Princess of Deryabar joined in this request. The King was highly pleased with their generosity: he caused the people to be assembled, and ordered the Princes to be brought



brought out, loaden with chains, and expecting immediate death. The King, before them all, caused Codadad to be proclaimed his heir, and added, that at his intercession pardon was extended to the unworthy Princes. The people loudly applauded the noble behaviour of Codadad, who himself released the prisoners from their fetters, and embraced them with much affection.

On his return to the palace, he amply rewarded the surgeon who had so faithfully served the Princess of Deryabar. Zaphnah and Pirouze passed the rest of their days very happily with that Princess and their beloved Codadad.

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THE STORY OF THE SLEEPER AWAKENED, OR  
THE DEAD ALIVE.

Abon Hassan was the son of Selim, a wealthy and penurious citizen of Bagdad; who though he was possessed of a good estate, and had gained

M 3

great

great wealth by many years successful traffic, yet he scarce allowed his family necessaries. When the young man grew up, he had a turn to gaiety; but the extreme avarice of his father not only denied him the usual amusements of youth, but gave him no respite from labour: making no difference between him and his meanest slave.

The death of the merchant put an end to this restraint on Abon Hassan. He found himself heir to a plentiful fortune; and he resolved to make himself amends for the severe discipline he had undergone; but before he began his career, he shewed a good understanding, and a good heart; he settled a proper provision on his mother; and dividing his wealth into equal parts, with the one part he increased his patrimony; this he determined never to break in upon, the remainder he devoted to enjoyment.

To obtain this, he sought the company of young men of the first distinction in Bagdad.

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As he was known to be wealthy, he easily became intimate with such of them as were noted for their debauches. To these he gave the most costly entertainments. The profusion of his table, his magnificent balls and concerts, would have dissipated a royal revenue; and he found the wealth he had set apart for a life of prodigality, was dispersed before a single year had passed away.

Abon Hassan was astonished at the report of his steward, that so large a part of his fortune was exhausted. He renewed immediately his resolution to keep his patrimony unimpaired, nor even to break in upon the improvement he had made to it. He gave no more magnificent entertainments: he sold off his useless slaves, and splendid furniture, and prepared to regulate his expences by his remaining income. But while this was doing, he felt the force of youthful attachment to many of his companions, and was amazed and chagrined to find that they all avoided him. The news of his ruin had spread

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abroad:.



abroad: his prudent reserve no one knew of. All his gay friends therefore treated him with contempt; and when, to try them still further, he attempted to borrow a supply of them; many insulted him, all refused him.

Irritated with this ungenerous behaviour, he renounced them in his turn. He retired to the house of his father, where his mother still dwelt; and began a new course of life. As he had enough left to entertain a guest handsomely, and was fond of society, he every day provided what he thought necessary for that purpose; and in the evening he went and sat on Bagdad bridge. Where, as soon as he saw any stranger arrive, whose appearance pleased him, he accosted him respectfully, and invited him to sup and lodge with him for that night.

Abon Hassan, on these occasions, failed not to acquaint his guest with an oath he had taken; which was, never to give an entertainment to an inhabitant of Bagdad; never to invite any man a  
second

second time; or keep up any kind of acquaintance with any of his guests after their parting. This premised, he used to conduct the stranger home; regale him with a good supper, and lodge him comfortably. In the morning, he always said to him, ‘ God preserve you from all sorrow ! when I invited you hither yesterday, I acquainted you with my oath ; I hope therefore you will not take it ill, if I bid you farewell ; and may God conduct you !’

On these terms he chanced one evening to engage a stranger of respectable appearance, whom he supposed to be a merchant of Mossoul, but who in reality was the Caliph Haroun Alraschid; who in that disguise was taking one of his customary surveys of the city. The invitation was so singular, that it excited the Caliph’s curiosity, and he readily accepted it. Abon Hassan conducted him home, placed him at the upper end of his table, and sat down over against him. A handsome supper and desert were served up, and they eat of what they liked best, without speaking

ing or drinking, according to the custom of the country.

When they had done eating, Abon Haffan filled out a glass of wine, and said, to his guest laughing, ‘you know, Sir, the cock never drinks before he calls to his hens to come and drink with him, so I invite you to follow my example. I cannot reckon him a wise man, who does not love a cheerful glass.’—‘I am quite of your opinion,’ replied the Caliph, taking a bumper, ‘and am sure you are an honest fellow; fill away; you shall find I am ready to partake with you.’

They grew merry over their cups. Abon Haffan being of a lively disposition, entertained his guest with a thousand brilliant sallies. At his request he explained the cause of the vow he had made to receive only strangers, and no man a second time; and related with much humour, the story of his own extravagance, and the ill behaviour of his former companions.

The



The Caliph was delighted with the wit of his host, and respected his understanding. When it grew time to retire, he said to him, “I regret exceedingly the oath you have taken, as it deprives me of all hope of being better known to you; but yet I wish to shew you how sensible I am of your hospitality. It is more in my power to serve you, than you are aware of. Speak freely, and tell me what you would wish for, if you were sure of obtaining your desires.

Abon Haffan, who was a little elevated with the liquor he had drank, replied briskly, ‘I thank you for your offers of service; but in truth have no desires that you can gratify. My fortune is sufficient; I have no ambition; unless indeed you could make me Caliph for four and twenty hours.’—‘And why,’ interrupted Haroun, eagerly, ‘should you desire that honour for so short a time?’—‘It would be long enough,’ replied Abon Haffan, ‘to answer all my wishes. The town of Bagdad is divided into various districts; in each of which there is a mosque, and

an Iman belonging to it to read prayers. The Iman of the division I live in, is an old man, of an austere countenance, and the greatest hypocrite in the world. This man, and four old fellows of the neighbourhood, who are people of the same disposition, meet every day at the Iman's house: where they vent their malice against me, and the whole district, to the great disturbance of the neighbours, and the promotion of perpetual dissensions. Instead of minding their Alcoran, and being at peace with all men; they threaten some, abuse others, and wish to domineer over every body. Was I Caliph for one day only, I would remove this nuisance; for I would order each of the old men an hundred bastinadoes, and the good Iman four times as many; that they might learn no more to abuse and disturb their neighbours.'

The Caliph laughed heartily at his host's narrative, and immediately conceived the idea of a whimsical adventure. Abon Haffan, renewing the conversation, observed that it grew late.

'Let

‘Let us finish the bottle,’ said he, ‘and I will bid you farewell to night; only let me request of you, if you rise before me, that you will shut the door when you go out in the morning.’ This the Caliph promised; and taking hold of the bottle, said, ‘you have been so obliging as to fill for me the whole night: permit me to pour out the last glass, and drink to your good repose.’ He then dexterously conveyed a little powder into Abon Haffan’s glass, and handed it to him: who, being much pleased with the politeness of his guest, drank it off; and had scarce time to set the glass on the table before he fell in a profound sleep.

The Caliph ordered the slave who attended him, to take Abon Haffan on his back, and convey him to the palace, where he caused him to be undressed, and laid in the royal bed. He directed Giafar to attend the sleeper in the morning, and salute him as Commander of the Faithful; and to take care that all the Emirs and Courtiers, as well as the attendants, should address



dress him with the usual ceremonies which were observed to himself.

Early in the morning the Caliph took possession of a little closet from whence he could see all that passed; impatient to enjoy the surprise of Abon Haffan, and to see how he would support his imaginary dignity.

At day break all the officers and ladies, whose duty it was to attend the rising of the Caliph, took their places with great silence. One of them putting a sponge steeped in vinegar to Abon Haffan's nose, he sneezed heartily, which awakened him. On opening his eyes, he found that he was in a magnificent room, surrounded by a great many young and handsome ladies, and black eunuchs richly clothed; all standing with great modesty and respect. Casting his eyes on the quilt of the bed, he perceived it was cloth of gold, richly ornamented with pearls and diamonds: and that there was laid by the bed, a very rich habit, and a Caliph's turban.

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At the sight of all these splendid objects Abon Hassan was in the utmost confusion and amazement. 'So,' said he to himself, 'I am Caliph! but,' added he, after a moment's pause, 'tis only a dream: the effect of the wish I made last night.' Saying this, he turned himself about to sleep again: when one of the eunuchs approached the bed, and said very respectfully, 'Commander of the Faithful, 'tis time for your Majesty to rise to prayers; the morning begins to advance.'

The astonishment of Abon Hassan was inexpressible. 'Is it possible I am awake?' said he to himself. 'Oh certainly I am asleep,' continued he, shutting his eyes again, 'there is no reason to doubt it.'

The eunuch finding Abon Hassan did not rise, said again, 'Your Majesty will, I hope, permit me to tell you, that it is time to attend morning prayer, which you never neglect: the sun is just rising.' 'I am mistaken,' thought  
Abon

Abon Haffan, 'I am awake. Those that sleep do not hear thus distinctly.' Then opening his eyes, and sitting up in his bed, he seemed overjoyed at his promotion, to the great entertainment of the Caliph, who guessed very exactly what his thoughts were.

When Abon Haffan began to arise, all the ladies of the palace prostrated themselves before him, with their faces to the ground: they then saluted him with a delightful serenade, with which he was so ravished, that he was in a perfect extacy. But recovering his first idea, he again doubted if it was not a dream: he clapped his hands before his eyes, lowered his head, and said again to himself, 'What can all this mean? Where am I? Who are these ladies, and attendants? How shall I possibly distinguish that I am awake, and in my right senses?'

While these thoughts were passing in his mind, Mesrour, the chief of the eunuchs, came in, and having paid the proper compliments, said,



said, 'Commander of the Faithful, the time of prayer is over; all your Generals, Governors, and officers of state, wait your royal presence in the Council-hall. Will your Majesty be pleased to ascend your throne as usual?'

Abon Hassan was convinced now that he was awake, but he was also still more embarrassed. After a pause, he looked earnestly at Mesrour, and said, 'Who is it that you speak to, and call Commander of the Faithful? I don't know you, and you mistake me for somebody else.'

Mesrour affected an air of astonishment, and replied, 'My worthy Lord and master, you only speak thus to jeer me. Is not your Majesty Commander of the Faithful, Monarch of the world, and the Prophet's Vicar on earth? Mesrour, your faithful slave, who has had the honour and happiness to serve you so many years, cannot forget or mistake you. Some troublesome dream must have disturbed your Majesty's imagination.'

Abon Haffan burst out a laughing at these words of Mesrour. When he had recovered himself, seeing a little black eunuch, he beckoned him, and said, "Hark ye, child; tell me who I am." "Sir," answered the little boy modestly, "Your Majesty is Commander of true believers, and the Prophet's Vicar on earth." "You are a liar, sooty-face," said Abon Haffan. He then called the lady who stood nearest him, saying, "Come hither, fair one, and bite the end of my finger, that I may know whether I am awake or not."

The lady, who knew the Caliph saw all that passed, was overjoyed at being thus called upon to contribute to his amusement: going therefore with a grave face to Abon Haffan, she put his finger into her mouth, and clenched it so fast between her teeth, that he roared aloud, and with difficulty pulled it away from her. When the pain was a little abated, he said, "You have convinced me I am not asleep; but how is it possible I can have become Caliph in one night?"

"I adjure

I adjure you, therefore, to tell me the truth.' 'It is so true,' replied the lady, 'that we, your slaves, are amazed to hear you doubt it.' 'Ah! you are a deceiver,' replied Abon Haffan, 'I know very well who I am.'

Mefrour assisted his new master to rise; and as soon as he set his feet on the floor, the whole company of ladies and officers cried out together, 'God preserve your Majesty, and give you a good day.' Mefrour then arrayed him in the royal robes, and conducted him through rows of prostrate courtiers to the Council-chamber, where he mounted the throne of Persia, which he filled with all the gravity imaginable.

The Grand Vizier Giafar, and the Judge of the Police, (both of whom he knew by having often seen them in their offices) first bowed themselves down before him, and paid him the salutation of the morning. After which all the Emirs, as they were admitted to their seats, went to the foot of the throne, and having laid



their heads on the carpet, they saluted him on their knees, as Commander of the Faithful, and the Prophet's Vicar on earth.

Although Abon Haffan had before been elated with his advancement, his recollection forbad him to believe it. But when he found himself thus received by the Grand Vizier, and all the great men about the Court, he could no longer doubt but he was Caliph, though he could no way account for his having become so. Dismissing therefore, for the present, all thought upon the subject, he prepared to enjoy his good fortune, and exercise his sovereignty. He beckoned the Judge of the Police to him, and directed him to go to such a division of the city, to seize the Iman of the mosque, and four old men, whom he described; to give each of the latter an hundred bastinadoes, and the Iman four hundred. 'This done,' continued he, 'mount them on five camels, with their faces to the tails, lead them through the whole city, and let a crier proclaim before them, 'This is the punishment

punishment of busy bodies and mischief-makers.' You may then dismiss them, with orders never to return to that district on pain of death.'

The Judge of the Police withdrew; and the Grand Vizier approached the throne, and made his report of affairs. Abon Hassan heard him with dignity and attention. He issued out orders without embarrassment, and gave judgment in several causes with great ability. The Caliph saw and admired this part of his conduct, which raised him highly in his esteem. The Judge of the Police returning, presented his new Sovereign an instrument signed by the principal inhabitants of the division, attesting the punishment having been inflicted on the five delinquents. Abon Hassan read over the names of the witnesses, (who were all people that he knew very well) with great satisfaction. 'These old hypocrites,' said he to himself, 'who were ever censuring my actions, and finding fault with my entertaining

honest people, have at last received the punishment they deserved.'

When the time of audience was nearly over, the new Caliph directed the Vizier to take a thousand pieces of gold, and carry them to the mother of Abon Haffan, who was generally called the debauchee, and lived in the same district where the Judge of the Police had been sent to. Giafar obeyed, and on his return, Abon Haffan arose, and dismissing the audience, descended the throne, and was conducted by Mesrour into an adjoining apartment.

He was much delighted on entering the splendid hall to which the chief of the eunuchs led him. The paintings were exquisite; and there appeared every where the greatest profusion of wealth; seven bands of music, placed in different galleries, struck up a grand concert at his entrance. In the middle of the room there was a table set out with golden dishes and plates, containing all manner of rarities. Seven young  
and



and beautiful ladies richly dressed, stood around this table, each ready to fan the supposed Caliph while at dinner.

Abon Hassan surveyed all these things with the utmost pleasure; his countenance strongly expressed his joy; yet there was a mixture of wonder and doubt which occasionally appeared in his behaviour. 'If this is a dream,' said he to himself, 'it is a long one. But surely,' continued he, 'it is not a dream: I can see, hear, feel, walk, and argue reasonably. I am certainly the Commander of the Faithful; who else could live in this splendor? Besides, the respect I receive, and the obedience paid to my commands, are sufficient proofs.' He then sat down to table; and the seven ladies standing about him, began to fan him. He looked at them with admiration; and smilingly told them, that one fan was enough to cool him, and he would have the other six ladies sit down to table with him, that wherever he turned his eyes he might behold such lovely objects.

The Ladies obeyed; but Abon Haffan perceiving that out of respect they did not eat, helped them himself, and urged them in the most obliging terms. When they had dined, he asked their names, which they told him were White Neck, Coral Lips, Fair Face, Sunshine, Heart's Delight, Sweet Looks, and Sugar Cane. To every lady he returned handsome compliments, wittily adapted to her name.

After dinner the eunuchs brought perfumed water in a golden bowl; and when Abon Haffan had washed, Mesrour, who never left him, conducted him to another hall, where he was received by seven ladies more beautiful than the former. Seven other bands began a new concert, while the imaginary Caliph took part of a rich desert of sweet-meats, and the choicest fruits. This over, he was led to a third hall more magnificent than the other two; it was lighted up with a profusion of wax lights, in golden branches; and he was received here by seven other ladies, of still superior beauty, who conducted him to  
a table

a table set out with large silver flaggons, full of the choicest wines, and chrystal glasses placed by them.

Till this time, Abon Haffan had drank nothing but water, agreeable to the custom of Bagdad, where, from the highest to the lowest, they never drink any thing strong till evening; it being accounted scandalous in the highest degree for any one to be drunk in the day time. When he placed himself at the table, he desired the seven ladies to sit down with him; and having asked their names, which were, Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Chain of Hearts, Daylight, Bright Eyes, Fine Shape, and Silver Tongue; he called upon each in turn to bring him a glass of wine, and as each lady presented it, he said a variety of witty and gallant things to her.

As the wine began to elevate the supposed Caliph, he became amorous; which Cluster of Pearls perceiving, she went to the beaufet, and putting



putting a little of the sleepy powder into a goblet, she filled it with wine ; she then presented it in a most bewitching manner to Abon Hassan, requesting him to drink it, when she had sung a song which she had made that day. Hassan consented ; and the lady sung with so much grace and spirit, that he resolved to prefer her to her companions. He received the goblet from her hand, and drank ; but before he could take it from his mouth, he fell fast asleep into the arms of the attendants. They then put his own cloaths on him ; and the slave who brought him thither, carried him back, and laid him on his own sofa.

It was late the next morning before the powder ceased to operate. But at length the sleeper awakened, and, looking round the room, was surprized to find himself in so different a situation. He called aloud for Cluster of Pearls, Morning Star, Coral Lips, and the other ladies, as he could recollect them. His mother, hearing his voice, came in and said, ‘ Son, what would you

you have? Who are those you are calling for? Abon Hassan, raising himself up, looked haughtily at his mother, and said, 'Good woman! who is it you call son?' 'You, to be sure,' replied his mother; 'are you not Abon Hassan, my son? Have you slept till you have forgot me, and yourself too?' 'I your son!' answered Hassan, 'you are mad! I am not Abon Hassan, but the Commander of the Faithful.'

His mother was alarmed at these words. 'Silence, my dear son, I beseech you,' said she; 'do you not know that 'walls have ears?' what do you think would be the consequence if you was heard to utter such rash words to any body else? you are surely distracted.' While his mother was thus remonstrating with him, Abon Hassan listened to her attentively. He held down his head, and put his hands before his eyes like one in contemplation. At last, as if just awakened, he said to his mother, 'methinks I am Abon Hassan, and you are my mother.' Then looking round the room, he added, "I  
certainly

certainly am Abon Haffan, there is no doubt of it. I cannot conceive how this fancy came into my head.'

'You have had a good dream,' replied his mother, laughing; 'but I have some real good news for you. The Grand Vizier, Giafar, came to me yesterday; and putting a purse of a thousand pieces of gold into my hand, bid me pray for the Commander of the Faithful, who made me that present.'

'Will you dare after this, old hag,' replied Haffan in a rage, 'to tell me I am your son! I sent you those thousand pieces of gold, by my Grand Vizier Giafar; who obeyed me as Commander of the Faithful.'

His mother was astonished at his conversation, but fearing to irritate him by opposition, she answered him slightly; and immediately, with intent to divert his ideas from a subject which seemed to bewilder him, she began to tell him  
what



what had befallen the Iman, and the four Scheiks the preceding day. Hassan listened with much attention, and when she had finished her narrative, 'God be praised,' said he, 'for all things! I now have no doubt but that I am the Commander of the Faithful, and the Prophet's Vicar on earth. Know, old woman,' continued he, 'that it was by my order those five hypocrites were punished. I was not asleep when I gave those directions; and am glad to hear from you, that the Judge of the Police fulfilled his duty.'

The old lady was in an agony of despair when she heard him talk in so absurd a manner. 'Heaven preserve you from the power of Satan, my dear son!' replied she, 'some evil genius surely possesses you. Don't you see you are in your own room? recollect yourself seriously, and drive away these fancies from your imagination.' At these words, Hassan became transported with fury: He leaped from the sofa, seized a cane, and running to his mother, 'curfed sorcerers,' said he, 'tell me instantly by what means you  
have

have conveyed me from my palace to this room?' His mother, looking tenderly at him, replied, 'You are not surely so abandoned by God, my son, as to strike your mother!' Abon Haffan, urged to phrenzy, became unnatural. He caned her severely; asking her between every stroke, if she would yet own he was Commander of the Faithful?' to which she continued to reply, 'he was her beloved son.'

At length, as he ceased not to beat her, the old lady was obliged to call out so loud for help, that several of the neighbours heard her, and ran to her assistance. The first who entered the room, taking the cane from him, said, 'What are you doing, Abon Haffan? have you no fear of God? dare you strike your affectionate parent?' Haffan looked earnestly on him without returning any answer: and then, staring on all that followed him, said, 'Who is that Abon Haffan? do you mean to call me by that name?'—'Who should we call so, but you,' replied his neighbour, 'it is no wonder you forget yourself, when  
you

you insult your mother.'—'Begone, you are all impertinent!' answered Hassan, 'I neither know her nor you. I will not know you. I am not Abon Hassan: but you shall find to your cost, that I am Commander of the Faithful.'

At this discourse, his neighbours concluded he was mad: and while some laughed at him, others went for the keeper of the hospital for lunatics. Hassan became outrageous at the sight of him, and called aloud for Giafar and Mesrour to come to his assistance; but the keeper ordered him to be undressed, and beat him with a rope till he lay quiet; he then caused hand-cuffs and chains to be fastened on him, and took him to the hospital.

For three weeks the unfortunate Hassan received daily correction from the hand of his severe keeper; who never failed to remind him, that he was not Commander of the Faithful. His mother came every day to see him; but whenever she appeared in his sight, he reproached

ed



ed and execrated her as the cause of all his sufferings. At length the lively ideas of what had passed during the time he was addressed as Caliph, began to fade away; and the miserable situation he was in, made him recollect himself; though the obedience which had been paid to his orders, would not let him believe he had been dreaming; yet he considered that if he was really Caliph, his officers and attendants would never have abandoned him to so much ignominy and wretchedness. While his mind was thus employed, his mother came to see him, and let fall a torrent of tears at beholding him manacled, emaciated and dejected. On her approach, he no longer appeared furious. On the contrary, he saluted her as his mother, disavowed his supposed dignity, and with much sorrow entreated her forgiveness of the outrage he had committed against her.

His mother was overjoyed to find so happy a change in him. She talked with him about the disorder he had been in; and added, 'the last stranger

stranger you brought home with you went away in the morning without shutting the door. I am persuaded this gave some demon an opportunity to enter, and put you into that horrible delusion.' You are certainly in the right, my dear mother,' replied Abon Hassan; 'it was that very night I had the fatal dream which turned my brain, and caused those excesses which cover me with shame and confusion when I think of them. I charged the merchant to shut the door after him, which now I find he did not do; as they of Moussoul are not so well convinced that the Devil is the cause of troublesome dreams, as we are at Bagdad. But since I am so much better, get me, I entreat you, out of this cursed place.' His mother hastened with great joy to the keeper, and declared the change she had found in her son: and he, having examined his patient, congratulated him on his recovery, and gave him his liberty.

When Abon Hassan came home, he staid within doors for some days, to rest and refresh

himself after the severe discipline he had undergone. But when he had recovered his strength, he soon became weary of spending his evenings alone. He determined therefore to begin again his former way of living, which was to provide a supper, and seek a guest to share it with him.

The day on which he renewed this custom was the first of the month, when the Caliph always walked in disguise about the city. Towards evening, Hassan went to the bridge, but had scarce sat down when he perceived the Caliph, disguised as before, and followed by the same slave. As he was fully persuaded that all his sufferings arose from the negligence of this Moussoul merchant, he saw him with great indignation; and to avoid speaking to him he got up, and looked over the parapet into the river.

The Caliph saw and recollected his former host; and became curious to know the effect of his frolic. He perceived that Hassan had risen in anger, and wished to avoid him. He went therefore



therefore close up to him, and said, 'Oh, brother Hassan, is it you? give me leave to embrace you.'—'Not I indeed,' replied Hassan, roughly, and without turning his head; 'I know nothing of you, nor will I have any thing to do with you; go about your business.'

The Caliph endeavoured to soothe him, saying, 'you cannot surely have forgot the evening we passed so pleasantly at your house a little while ago. I then tendered you my best services, and now repeat the offer; and shall be glad to repay your hospitality by making myself useful to you. Let me beg you will for once set aside your usual custom of not receiving the same guest a second time, and take me home with you again this evening.'

Abon Hassan refused this request with high indignation, and again bid the supposed merchant begone. But the Caliph urged him so vehemently, and seemed so desirous of knowing the cause of his host's anger, that Hassan at last suffered himself to be prevailed on to receive him as

his guest a second time. He took care however to exact a very solemn promise, that he would shut the door after him, when he went out in the morning.

When they arrived at Abon Haffan's house, he related to the Caliph all that had befallen him. 'But,' continued he, 'you will not expect to hear, that it is entirely owing to you that these things happened. I desired you to shut the door, which you neglected to do; and some devil, finding it open, put this dream in my head; which, though it was very agreeable while it lasted, was the cause of all these misfortunes. You are in part answerable for all the extravagancies I ran into; and chiefly for the horrid and detestable crime I was guilty of, in lifting up my hand against my mother.'

The Caliph hearing Abon Haffan thus gravely laying to his charge so many evils, burst into laughter, which exceedingly affronted his host. 'Perhaps you will find something very diverting

diverting in this also,' said he, and at the same time bared his back and shoulders, and shewed the wheals and livid marks which remained from the chastisement he had undergone in the hospital. The Caliph, on beholding this piteous sight, became really sorry that Hassan had suffered so much. He embraced, and condoled with him. After which he said, 'Let us forget, as well as we can, all that is disagreeable, and dedicate this evening to mirth. To-morrow I will endeavour to repay your sufferings to your satisfaction.'

Abon Hassan had conceived an esteem for his guest. He suffered his anger to be overcome by these entreaties, and sitting down with him, they passed the evening together in great jollity. When it grew late, the Caliph conveyed a little of the same powder into the cup of his host, which had its usual effect; and the slave carried Hassan a second time to the palace.

The Caliph caused him to be again habited in the imperial robes, and laid on a sofa in the



hall where he had before fallen asleep. In the morning, Mesrour, with the other attendants, took their places, the effect of the powder was dissipated as before, and as Abon Haffan awakened, the music struck up a delightful concert.

Abon Haffan was astonished to hear the charming harmony. He looked around him, and remembered the hall: he even thought he recollected the persons of the ladies. 'Alas,' said he aloud, 'I am fallen into the same fatal dream that happened to me a month ago; and must expect again the discipline of the mad-house. He was a wicked man whom I entertained last night: he is the cause of this illusion, and of all the miseries I must undergo. The base wretch promised to shut the door after him, and did not do it, and the Devil has come in, and filled my head with this cursed dream again. Mayst thou be confounded, Satan, and crushed under some mountain!'

Abon

Abon Hassan continued some time thoughtful; when shutting his eyes, and stretching himself on the sofa, 'I'll go to sleep,' said he, 'till Satan leaves me.' On which, one of the ladies approaching him, said, 'Commander of the Faithful, I beg your Majesty will permit me to tell you, that day appears, and it is time to rise. 'Begone, Satan!' replied Abon Hassan, raising his voice. Then looking on the lady, he said, 'Is it me you call Commander of the Faithful?' 'To whom,' replied the lady, 'should I give that title but to your Majesty, who are the Sovereign of the world, and of Mussulmen? But to convince you perfectly, let me remind you of what passed yesterday.' She then told him of the several matters which occurred in the Council; of his liberality to Abon Hassan's mother; and of the punishment of the Iman and his companions. 'Your Majesty then,' continued she, 'dined in the three halls as usual; and in this you did us the honour to make us sit down with you, to hear our songs, and receive

wine from our hands, till you fell asleep, and never awakened till now.'

The confidence with which the lady assured Hassan of these things, and his own recollection of the circumstances, threw him into the utmost perplexity. 'All she tells me is certainly true,' said he aloud; 'for I remember every particular of it. Am I indeed Caliph? Do I dream now, or was I in a dream when I fancied myself in a mad-house?' At length recollecting that his shoulders still retained a melancholy proof of the treatment he had received; he once more uncovered them, and asked his attendants 'how they durst suffer such disgraceful severity to be offered to the Caliph while he slept?' The lady was confounded; and not knowing how to answer so trying a question, she made a signal for the music to renew the concert, while she and her companions danced round the imaginary Caliph. Abon Hassan beheld them for some time with a mixture of delight and anxiety; but as they  
continued



continued to dance, he became transported, and leaping up, joined them in their amusement, committing numberless pleasant extravagancies; till the Caliph, who had from his closet been a spectator of all that passed, and had laughed till he was quite exhausted, called out, 'Abon Hassan, Abon Hassan, you will make me die with laughter.'

The instant the Caliph's voice was heard, the music ceased, and every one was silent. The Monarch came forward laughing. Abon Hassan recollected him, notwithstanding his royal robes; and joining in the joke, without being in the least dashed at the presence of his Sovereign, he cried out, 'Ha! ha!—you are a merchant of Moussoul, and complain I would kill you: you, who have been the occasion of my using my mother so ill: it was you who punished the Iman and the four Scheiks: I wash my hands of it. In short, you ought to answer for all my irregularities.'

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The Caliph acknowledged the truth of Abon Haffan's remark; and, at his request, told him the contrivance he had used to convey him thus about. He then bad Haffan ask boldly for any favour he wished, to make him amends for the severities he had undergone.

“Commander of the Faithful,” replied Abon Haffan, how great soever my distress was, I have quite forgot it, now that I know my Sovereign received amusement from those circumstances which occasioned it. I doubt not your Majesty's bounty: but shall only ask that I may be allowed to approach your royal person, and have the happiness all my life of admiring your grandeur! the modesty of this request charmed the Caliph, who had before a great esteem for Haffan: he granted his desire in the most ample manner, assured him of his protection, and received him into his familiar friendship.

Abon Haffan was lively and pleasant: he continually promoted the amusement of his royal master;

master; so that he became his constant companion during those hours which were not devoted to business. The Caliph often carried him to the apartment of his spouse Zobeide, who had heard his story with much pleasure. This Princess had a favourite slave, called Nouzhatoul-âonadat. Hassan had not been often admitted to the presence of Zobeide, before she observed that his eyes were often fixed on this young lady: who, on her part, betrayed evident proofs of partiality for him.

Zobeide was no sooner convinced that their attachment was mutual, than she proposed to the Caliph to give her slave to Abon Hassan. The Prince consenting, the marriage was solemnized in the Palace, with great rejoicings. The bride and bridegroom received very considerable presents from Zobeide and the Caliph; and Abon Hassan conducted his spouse, with great joy, to the apartments allotted him in the Palace.

Abon



Abon Haffan and his spouse lived together in perfect union. Nouzhatoul-âonadat was endued with all the qualifications capable of gaining her husband's love and esteem; and he omitted nothing that could render himself acceptable to her. He furnished his table with the choicest dainties, and most exquisite wines; he hired the best musicians to entertain her; in a word, their time past in a continual round of pleasure.

But before the first year of their marriage was expired, their steward made so large a demand on his master, as entirely exhausted his purse; and they found themselves all at once exceedingly embarrassed. Abon Haffan durst not apply to the Caliph for assistance, having in so short a time lavished away a considerable treasure: nor could he have recourse to his own fortune; for when the Caliph received him into his household, he made over the whole of his patrimony to his mother; and he resolved on no account to lessen her income. On the other hand, Nouzhatoul-âonadat considered Zobeide's generosity to her,

on her nuptials; as more than a sufficient recompence for her services, and thought that she ought not to apply to her for more.

On the departure of the steward, they sat a long time silent, each revolving these disagreeable ideas. At length Abon Hassan said to his wife. 'I see you are as much distressed as I am on this occasion; but I think I have contrived a trick, if you will assist me, which, while it discovers our necessities to the Caliph and Zobeide, will at the same time divert them. To this purpose, you and I must both die—' 'Not I, indeed,' interrupted his wife, who had before listened to him with great attention; 'if you have nothing else to propose, you may do that by yourself if you chuse it.'

'You do not suppose, surely,' replied Hassan, hastily, 'that I mean really to die. I propose only that I should feign myself dead, and you should go in tears to Zobeide, and by expressing great sorrow, move her pity. On your return,

return, I will put the same cheat upon the Caliph ; and besides the usual presents we shall each receive on this occasion, I flatter myself the explanation will be very beneficial to us.'

Nouzhatoul-âonadat now entered into her husband's scheme with great readiness. She spread a sheet on the carpet in the middle of the room, on which Haffan laid himself along, with his feet towards Mecca : he crossed his arms, and his wife wrapped him up, and put a piece of fine muslin and his turban on his face. She then disordered her dress, and with dismal cries and lamentations, ran to Zobeide's apartments. Having obtained admission to the Princess, she redoubled her cries, tore her hair, and expressed every appearance of the most extravagant affliction ; to her mistress's eager enquiries into the cause of this sorrow, she was a long time silent, as if unable to speak ; but at last, seeming to suppress her sighs, she said, ' May Heaven prolong your days, most respectable Princess ! Abon Haffan ! poor Abon Haffan, whom you  
honoured



honoured with your esteem, and gave me for a husband, is no more.'

Zobeide was much afflicted at this news. 'Is Abon Haffan dead?' exclaimed she, that agreeable pleasant man! alas, he deserved a longer life!' Saying this, she shed tears; and all her attendants, to whom Abon Haffan's good humour had much endeared him, joined in bewailing his loss. Zobeide then presented the supposed widow with a piece of brocade, and an hundred pieces of gold. 'Go,' said she, 'bury the corpse of thy husband in that brocade; and moderate the transports of thy affliction. I will take care of thee.'

Nouzhatoul-âonadat having returned suitable thanks to the Princess, withdrew: and going with great joy to her husband, she said, 'rise, and see the fruits of your project. Now let me act the dead part: and see if you can manage the Caliph as well as I have done Zobeide.'

Abon

Abon Hassan wrapped up his wife as she had done him, and with his turban loosened, and put awry on his head, and like a man in the deepest sorrow, ran to the Caliph, and announced the death of his beloved Nouzhatoul-âonadat. That Prince was as liberal to the false widower, as his Princess had been to her slave: and Abon Hassan left his patron with a rejoicing heart, though his face expressed very different sensations.

The Caliph was impatient to condole with Zobeide on the death of her slave. He went immediately with Mesrour to her apartments; where he found her drowned in tears. He seated himself by her, and in a most tender manner used every argument in his power to console her. The Princess, though highly gratified at this proof of the Caliph's tenderness, was amazed to hear him lament the death of Nouzhatoul-âonadat. She thanked him for his affectionate attention to her, but added, 'your Majesty has been misinformed. It is not the death of my slave which afflicts me. She was here just now,  
in

in good health, though in much distress. These tears are shed for Abon Hassan ; whose untimely dissolution grieves me much, and cannot, I suppose, be indifferent to your majesty.

The Caliph who had just parted with Abon Hassan, assured her that he was alive and well. ‘ ‘Tis his wife,’ continued he, ‘ who is dead: it is only a few minutes since he left me overwhelmed with affliction for her loss.’

Zobeide became a good deal piqued at this answer of the Caliph. She thought he bantered her. She affirmed with much heat that it was Abon Hassan who was dead ; and appealed to her nurse, and other attendants to confirm what she asserted. The Caliph was as confident that he was alive, and his wife was dead. To close the dispute, the monarch proposed to wager his garden of pleasures against the Princess’s palace of paintings. Zobeide agreed ; and Mesrour was dispatched to Abon Hassan’s apartment, charged both by the Caliph and his lady to return with a true account.



Abon Haffan had foreseen this dispute. When he perceived Mesrour approaching, he prepared his wife to act the dead part again. He spread the piece of brocade over her, and seated himself at the head of the pretended corpse, in great apparent sorrow. In this situation the eunuch found him. Mesrour was affected at the dismal sight. He seated himself on the other side of the body and began to offer consolation to Abon Haffan. He lifted up the pall a little at the head, and looking under it, let it fall again, and said with a deep sigh, 'there is no other God but God: we must all submit to his will and return to him.' Then turning to Abon Haffan, who was sighing and groaning most pitifully, he besought him not to indulge an unavailing sorrow, and having conversed with him a little time, he arose and took his leave.

Mesrour returned to Zobeide's apartment, and on appearing before his master, he clapped his hands, laughing, like one who had something very agreeable to tell: but the Caliph and the Princess

Princess had disputed till they were both out of humour. The impatient Prince cried out, 'vile slave, is this a time to laugh? tell me which is dead, the wife or the husband?'

'Commander of the Faithful,' replied Mesrour seriously, 'it is Nouzhatoul-âonadat who is dead.' The Caliph immediately turning to Zobeide, claimed her palace of paintings. The Princess pettishly replied, 'I see your majesty has contrived with Mesrour to chagrin me. I myself conversed with my slave, who told me her husband was dead; my attendants all saw and heard her. This despicable slave has brought a false account, I beg I may send a person I can trust, to clear up this matter.'

'I know not;' replied the Caliph, 'who was the author of that saying, that women sometimes lose their wits; but I am sure you give a proof that he was not mistaken. You may send whom you please; but I once more assure you that my own eyes and ears are witnesses that Mesrour has told the truth.'

Zobeide dispatched her nurse to Abon Hassan's apartment: and not chusing to dispute further with the Caliph, she contented herself with reproaching the eunuch. The monarch enjoyed her anger; but poor Mesrour was much mortified. He comforted himself however with the hope that the return of the nurse would set all to rights again.

When Abon Hassan had released his wife from her bands after the departure of Mesrour, he said to her, 'though the eunuch did not mention his master, I am persuaded that this visit was made by his direction. The Caliph and the Princess I doubt not are debating which of us is dead: and as Zobeide will not believe Mesrour, we may expect further enquiries.' They sat down therefore on a sofa opposite the window, and watched who drew near.

When they saw the nurse coming, Hassan again appeared as the dead body. Nouzhatoul-âonadat placed herself at his head, her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered, and herself apparently



rently in the utmost distress. The nurse on entering the apartment endeavoured to console her: and when she appeared a little composed, expressed her surprise at finding every thing the reverse of what the eunuch had reported. 'That black-faced Mesrour,' said she, 'deserves to be impaled, for having made so great a difference between our good mistress, and the Commander of the Faithful. He has had the inconceivable impudence to assert, before the Princess's face, that you, daughter, are dead, and Abon Hassan alive.'

The nurse having comforted the supposed widow, hastened back to Zobeide, and related what she had seen. Mesrour was equally vexed and disappointed at a report so different from what he expected. A violent altercation took place between him and the nurse; which the Princess resented so much, that she burst into tears, and demanded justice of the Caliph against the audacious and insolent eunuch.

But

But the monarch, who had heard their different accounts, considered that Zobeide herself had been positive on the one hand, and he on the other. He began therefore to think there was something more in the affair than he could comprehend. Having pacified Zobeide, he proposed that they should go together to Abou Haffan's apartment and let their own eyes determine the controversy.

They set forward accordingly, followed by all their retinue. Abou Haffan, seeing the cavalcade approach, wrapped his wife up as before, and laying down by her, contrived to place the brocade and turban upon himself, so that on the entrance of the royal visitors they both appeared as laid out.

When the Caliph and the Princess entered the room, they were exceedingly shocked at the dismal sight. After some time, Zobeide exclaimed with a sigh, 'alas! they are both dead! it is dangerous jesting on such awful subjects.' 'You jocularly told me,' said she, 'to the Caliph,

liph, that my slave was dead, and now I find she is really so. Grief for the loss of her husband has certainly killed her.'

The Caliph strenuously asserted that Abon Hassan had been unable to support life after the death of Nouzhatoul-âonadat. The nurse and Mesrour renewed their altercation; and all parties found themselves as far from certainty as ever. In the conversation the Caliph vowed he would give a thousand pieces of gold to him who could prove which of the two died first. Instantly a hand was held out, and a voice from under Abon Hassan's pall was heard to say, 'I died first, Commander of the Faithful; give me the thousand pieces of gold.' At the same time Abon Hassan threw off the brocade, and prostrated himself at the feet of the Caliph, as did his wife at those of the princefs.

Abon Hassan related the necessity which gave rise to this device, and finished his narrative by very gravely demanding the thousand pieces of gold. Zobeide at first was very serious, not  
being



being well pleased to have been so much afflicted: but the Caliph laughing very heartily at the trick, she at length joined in his good humour; and by their mutual liberality they furnished Abon Haffan and Nouzhatoul-âonadat with a sufficient and permanent income to enjoy their favourite pleasures.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.